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Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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Sydney Howard Gay,
Maria Weston Chapman, } Editors.
Edmund Quincy,

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"The Peculiar Institution."

From the New-York Evangelist.

AN IMMOLATION TO SLAVERY.

Our readers have heard of, and some have wept over the fate of the Rev. Charles T. Torrey, who has been convicted, in the State of Maryland, and will doubtless soon be doomed, to long years of imprisonment and separation from his family and friends, and the rigor of punishment awarded to the criminal. It is a hard lot for a man of education and sensibility, who is compelled to feel amidst all his punishment, that he suffers for that which neither the law of God, nor his own conscience condemns him, and which no man, who carries in his bosom a heart of flesh, can really disapprove. He has broken the laws of a slave State—and the court and jury who found him guilty in accordance with those laws, are not to be blamed; but they are laws, which, in God's sight, bring infinitely more guilt upon those who made, and who execute them, than upon him who has broken them. What crime has Mr Torrey been guilty of? Let us state a few facts furnished by a correspondent—a clergyman of high standing and estimable character, which may help us to answer the question:

A few years ago, the writer of this passed a week at Barnum's Hotel, in Washington. A young slave, about twenty years of age, was in attendance for such services as were required. One morning, as James was building the fire, the following conversation occurred:

"Who owns you James?"

"Mr. A. owns me now. He bought me about three years ago of Mr. Brown, and lets me to Mr. Barnum."

"What does Mr. Barnum pay your master for your work?"

"I do not know: I get none of it myself."

"Do you expect ever to get your liberty, James?

"No, Sir! My former master was very kind to me, and gave me a portion of my time, and told me that as soon as I would pay him five hundred dollars, I should be free. I had paid him a little over two hundred dollars, when he failed, and I was sold to my present master, who takes every dollar of my wages, and now I have no hope of ever being free, and the thought makes me so miserable, that at times I can neither eat nor sleep."

James, having now finished the fire, left the room, and there was one who, in his weakness, sat down and wept, and prayed for that poor brother, who is probably now in the fields of the South, toiling, a hopeless slave, till death shall release him from his wo. Now suppose he had said to him, "James, the North star will guide you to freedom. Here is five dollars. May God bless you in your endeavors to regain those rights of which you have so long been defrauded." The Rev. Mr. Torrey, in the fullness of a sympathizing heart, has said this; and for thus doing to his brother, as he would that his brother should do to him, professed Christians are calling him a "thief" and a "slave stealer," and he is torn from his home of prayer, from his wife and children, and lies chained in the dungeons of an American prison. But there is an eye that witnesses this scene, and there is an hour of terrible retribution hastening on.

When travelling, some years ago, at the South, a gentleman, who was a professor of religion, informed the writer, that a young slave, of fine personal appearance, and about eighteen years of age, and a member of the same church with himself, complained to him, with tears of anguish, that she was compelled to be the concubine of her master's son, a dissolute fellow, whose harem consisted of all the young females on the plantation. And here this poor Christian girl, perhaps the sister of this wretch, calling himself a Southern gentleman, who was thus abusing her, was compelled to submit to his outrages. If she raised a hand of resistance, or uttered a cry of remonstrance, there was no power on earth to rescue her, in those lonely fields, from the most merciless revenge.

Suppose this gentleman had said to her, "My Christian sister, my heart bleeds for you. You must seek refuge in flight. You must traverse many a weary mile, in cold, and hunger, and exhaustion, before you can reach the Canadian line, where alone you can dwell in safety. And when you arrive at that cold, northern clime, penniless and friendless, your condition will be desolate in the extreme. But if you die by the way, it will be better than to live as you now live. Here is my cloak. It may help to keep you warm, as you sleep in the woods these cold nights. And every night I will plead with a God of pity and of mercy, that he may assist you, my sister, to escape. The Rev. Mr. Torrey, as he has witnessed such scenes as these, has had every fibre of his soul excited to intense emotion. And in such language has he *imprudently* ventured to speak to these victims of hopeless oppression. And for thus speaking, there are professed disciples of Jesus Christ who call him a "thief," and a "slave stealer." And Americans, boasting themselves the lovers of liberty and justice, tear him from his agonized wife and children, and immure him in dungeons with the pirate and the murderer. And professed Christians, who hope to stand at Christ's right hand in the day of judgment, say, "They have served him right." Who can wonder that our professions of attachment to liberty and religion are becoming a stench in the nostrils of the civilized world?

About two years ago, a clergyman, in the State of Ohio, heard some one knock at his door late in the evening. There stood a colored man in rags, his cheeks hollow with famine, and way-worn and trembling with the fatigues of long travel.

"Can you give me a mouthful of bread," says the poor man, "I am perishing with hunger."

"Walk in friend," is the reply; "who are you, and where are you from?"

"I am escaping from Slavery, and left Alabama about four weeks ago. I travel at night guided by the North star, and conceal myself in the woods during the day. I have lived upon berries and roots and grasshoppers, and I am now almost dead."

A supper is immediately prepared for him, and the clergyman and his wife sit weeping at the fireside, as they listen to his long, long story of toil and wo. They bow together in family prayer, and the clergyman, in a voice inarticulate with emotions, prays:—"O, Heavenly Father! bless this child of thine, and help him to escape from that wrong and outrage to which he has, for so many years, been a victim. And help us, O, God! to do to him as we 'would that others should do to us,' were we in similar circumstances."

They feed the famished fugitive, they give him a comfortable bed for the night. The wife mends his tattered garb; and nourishing him with food and sympathy for another day, when evening comes, and the North star shines brightly in the clear blue sky, he tremblingly hastens on his dreary way, strengthened and comforted. And the rustling of every leaf causes his heart to quake, for fear that it is the slave-hunter behind him, ready to grasp his victim. God bless the poor fugitive; and God be praised that there are some hearts that will feel for thee, and some hands that will aid thee, though they do thus expose themselves to fine, imprisonment, mutilation, and even death. The Rev. Mr. Torrey has thus felt, and has thus *imprudently* expressed his Christian benevolence, and for so doing, there are men of intelligence, and who consider themselves his brothers in Christ, who assail him as a "thief," and a "slave stealer." An imprudent love of liberty plunged La Fayette into the Austrian dungeon at Olmutz. An imprudent sympathy for the outraged Indians, cheated and driven from the graves of their fathers, plunged Worcester and Butler into the State prison of the Georgians. And an imprudent expression of sympathy for these poor slaves, has immured the Rev. Mr. Torrey in the gloomy prison of Maryland; and there the exemplary and honored Christian minister must lie for years, and from exposure to hardships to which he is all unaccustomed, perhaps die; wife and children weep scalding tears, as they are thus robbed of the most affectionate, faithful, and innocent husband and father. And yet there are those who have named the name of Christ, who say, all is well!

Shortly after the insurrection among the slaves in Virginia, several years ago, a gentleman happened to be travelling in that State. The stage-coach was filled with passengers, and among the rest was an officer in the United States Army, who had been called out to assist in quelling the insurrection. The conversation turned upon the scenes which occurred during that short but bloody conflict. Said the officer:

"There was one stout fine looking negro man, who was shot by a ball through the body; as he lay on the ground dying, I stood by his side. His countenance expressed much more than ordinary intelligence, and I said to him, Why did you join this insurrection. You must have known that the whites were too powerful for you, and that in the end you could not succeed. He turned up his eye to me, fixed it steadfastly upon me for a moment, and then said, with an expression of great resolution, "I knew perfectly well what the result would be; *but I had rather die than be a slave.*"

"And what did you think of that sentiment, thus expressed?" said the traveller.

For a moment he hesitated, for the stage-coach was filled with Southern gentlemen, and it might be *imprudent*, in the presence of the chivalry of the South, to express approval of such a sentiment. He hesitated but for a moment, and gathering his energies as for an effort of great moral courage, he said, "I must confess that in my judgment, it is a noble sentiment by whomsoever uttered, and could not refrain from honoring the man for it." For a moment there was a perfect silence in the stage-coach; and then the embarrassing subject was dropped, by a sudden change of the conversation. The Rev. Mr. Torrey feels the sublimity of this sentiment. He has practically given utterance to it. He has spoken words of sympathy and encouragement to those who would rather die than be slaves. And for this, his *imprudence*, he is now suffering, and for year probably must endure, the greatest of earthly woes, the desolation of his home, the prostration of all his hopes, and thus may he linger, till, with an impaired constitution, he is hurried to an untimely grave. These are the victims we are immolating upon the altar of Slavery. These are the sacrifices we are offering in the temple of this modern Dagon. There are but about two hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders in these United States; and yet these few slaveholders, so contemptible in point of numbers, are driving to unpaid toil, two millions and a half of their fellow-men; and are keeping a whole nation of twenty millions of people in continual turmoil and trouble: and are making the very name of an American a by-word and a hissing throughout Christendom. It is too much—altogether too much to be patiently endured. Meanwhile, let us bespeak on behalf of this much-abused and unfortunate man, the fervent prayers of every friend of freedom, and every follower of Christ.

Pro-Slavery.

From the Delaware Journal.

ABBY KELLEY—ABOLITION—DR. HUDSON.

An abolition convention was in session in this city on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday last, and the *stars* of the convocation were Miss Abby Kelley and a Dr. Hudson. On Tuesday they held their meeting in the City Hall, and a spirited but peaceable debate was carried on in that place on that afternoon between Miss Kelley and Dr. E. Worrell, each being in good earnest for and against the doctrines of abolitionism Much interest spread over our town, and at the *evening meeting* the Hall was densely crowded. Mr. Hudson commenced an address, based upon a certain resolution which asserted in the strongest terms, that Slavery was contrary to the Christian religion. In the course of his examination, he was extremely severe upon the Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopalians, and Methodists, and more extensively discussed the action of the Methodist Conferences upon the subject of slavery. Having refrained from making known a certain transaction of the Conference which would have taken off the odium which he was endeavoring to cast upon that body of Christians, the Rev. Mr. Kennaday, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this city, pointed out the fact, and remarked in a very gentle manner that it would be as well for Dr. Hudson to tell the *whole* truth of the matter. This contradiction seemed to rouse the turbulent spirit of Dr. Hudson, and though he had been previously extremely rough in his language towards those who did not think precisely as he did, he let off a torrent of the rudest and most insulting language we ever heard from the lips of a public speaker, and denouncing all those persons connected with the Methodist Church as gross violaters of Christian precepts, and the supporters and the defenders of tyranny and oppression, robbery and murder, fornication and adultery.

Such a gross insult was not to be patiently borne, and the mass instantly manifested their disapprobation in various ways—by hisses, denunciation, and threatening language—and a pressure towards the location of Dr. Hudson, plainly indicated a disposition to seize him and inflict upon him the chastisement which the audience thought he merited, and at this moment there was a tremendous hubbub, and had it not been for the interposition of Rev. Mr. Kennaday, Alderman Chandler, Dr. Worrell, and above all, in our estimation, for the appearance of Miss Kelley who very opportunely came into the Hall and commenced speaking, Dr. Hudson would have been treated with great violence: but such is the respect which the men of this community have for females, and so much pleased were the audience with the appearance, the intelligence, and eloquence of Miss Kelley, that the fury abated; and although the lady said some quite severe things, she was permitted to have her "say," with but little interruption; her better language, softer voice, and feebler manner, in a considerable degree subduing the exasperation which Hudson had called up. On Wednesday the Abolitionists were not permitted access to the City Hall, and they held a meeting in the Athenæum in the afternoon: the place was small, and but comparatively few could get in. Miss Kelley spoke with her usual energency and fluency, and was listened to attentively by those who were present. No meeting was held after dark, and we are glad of it; for the excited state of feeling which Dr. Hudson had created, would have led to violence, and the infliction of injury on those who were in no degree responsible for his misconduct.

Our opinion is that this abolition convention has done no good—but much harm. The course of the principal speakers has disgraced freedom of debate—disturbed the public peace—excited turbulent feeling, and strengthened prejudice on all sides of the question.

From the same.

TO DR. HUDSON AND OTHERS, FRIENDS OF EMANCIPATION, WITH SIMILAR FEELINGS AND OPINIONS.

I take up my pen to vindicate the people of Wilmington from the foul charge of being afraid to meet free discussion on any and all subjects relating to their politics, religion, or morals.

I say they are as charitable and tolerant, if not more so, than in any other city in the Union, but I do not say they can bear unqualified abuse, and to be called by all kind of hard names.

What excited the crowd so fearfully when Dr. Hudson was speaking last evening in the Town Hall? Not the truths he uttered: it was for making use of language harsh and denunciatory, without the spirit of charity and good feeling so necessary in breaking up the strongholds of error and prejudice.

With other great discoveries of the age in which we live, it has been found out that the truth works best without any accomplices of excitement or of passion; that it is more convincing and powerful when it passes from mind to mind dressed in mild, decent, and respectful language. That this thunder and lightening mode of breaking up error; this boisterous wind, as is represented in the Fable, will not make the traveller draw off his coat like the gentle sunny beams.

The time has gone by for convincing the mind with the hard knocks of hard words: it is a barbarous system, handed down to us from a barbarous age, fitted only for Goths and Vandals.

That truth has been promulgated by appeals to passions, by martyrdoms, by blood and murder, is no evidence of its being the best method of promoting truth.

I go for homopathic doses in all unpleasant things. I do not like to be hurt nor to hurt others when it can possibly be avoided, and so far from hard words and hard names being necessary in the anti-slavery enterprise, I think they very much retard its progress.

Truth is so much more powerful than error, that we only want to get it into the mind to produce an effect, and I hold that every man who promulgates an unpopular truth is bound to make himself understood by the most conciliating and inoffensive language he can select.

People can have but little knowledge of the nature of truth who suppose it can be assisted in its operations by arousing the passions. My good friend Abby Kelley says, if Wilmington people will come to the Bay State, they will show us how to tolerate free discussions. I answer, that we know something about how they do business there without going to see.

Abolition lectures were delivered in the old Theatre in Wilmington to peaceable, quiet, and crowded audiences when the enlightened people of the bay State were leading Wm. Lloyd Garrison through the streets of Boston for promulgating anti-slavery doctrines, and other advocates of liberty were trembling before an infuriated mob.

I am aware that public sentiment has very much changed in Boston on the subject of anti-slavery, but so fierce is their zeal in any cause they undertake, and so little do they seem to understand the real principles of free discussion nand equal rights, that I would not be surprised to hear next that the good people of Boston were mobbed for refusing to be abolitionists.

It is but a short time since an editor of a free discussion paper in Boston was fined and imprisoned on the charge of blasphemy.

Wilmington people are advocates of the largest liberty, without licentiousness, and the fact, that they have no mobs, is certainly some evidence of their understanding the principles of rational freedom as well as their neighbors.

When mobs ruled the city of Philadelphia, and Pennsylvania Hall was burned to the ground, Wm. H. Burleigh lectured upon anti-slavery in Wilmington, without molestation, other than the rebuke of "let the Abolitionists alone, and they will soon expose themselves."

Ever since the appearance of modern Abolition in our country, nearly every town and village in the free States have been disgraced by mobs, riots, and burnings, while Wilmington, though in a slave State, has been the asylum for the oppressed, by maintaining the broad and peaceful platform of free discussion upon any and all subjects. B. WEBB.

WILMINGTON, 1 mo. 8th, 1845.

From the Emancipator.

THE NATIONAL ANTI-BIRNEY STANDARD of last week, is peculiarly rich. It copies a portion of Mr. Birney's defence, including Mr. Garland's deposition, and then endeavors to encourage the chopfallen Whigs, by saying that the forged letter "was *essentially* true"! But that our readers may not think we are imposing upon their credulity, we will give the Standard's paragraph on this point, and they may judge for themselves what sort of a Standard it is. And it will, perhaps, increase their interest in the communication from Mr. Birney, which we are now publishing:

That the "Garland letter" was a forgery, few doubted when it was first published. But it was after all nearer the truth than we at first dared to believe. It was *essentially* true. He did not, it is true, pledge himself to "go for Democratic men and measures," but, according to Garland's own statement, he had avowed himself a Democrat of the truer sort. And why do this at such a time, and under such circumstances, when his only avowal should have been, "I am an Abolitionist," except it was, by an appeal to the prejudices of his hearers, to secure his nomination? He did not pledge himself not to agitate the question of Slavery, should he be elected, but he did, what amounts to the same thing, declare that the Michigan legislature was not the place in which it should be settled. In short, it seems to me that no candid mind in reading all this evidence, can come to any other conclusion than that Mr. Birney, in his anxiety for a seat in the Michigan legislature, forgot the President's chair at Washington, which seemed not so easily attainable—remembered only the old maxim, "that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush"—and was ready to sacrifice the high principles by which he has professed to be governed, to a promised office, while at the same time he was anxious to keep up a decent show of consistency and honesty.

Our readers will perhaps accuse us of a waste of space for noticing this Standard at all—a paper which cannot be said fairly to have an existence in this world, its editors having long ago backed out of all their political responsibilities. But we mean to operate upon all sorts of worlds. We do not despise anybody. People that are made out of mere wind and moonshine, ought to be respected for as much as they are, although it is very true that we are not obliged to take them for all they think themselves to be. This Anti-Slavery, or more properly Anti-Birney Standard, represents itself as a shepherd set to watch the wolves, and feels itself under special obligations to watch the Liberty party, that being a wolf in sheep's clothing. Now to vary the figure a little, the Standard seems to us like a lizard, dressed in the cast-off clothes of a tadpole, and devoting itself to a grand preachment against frogs, endeavoring to persuade all tadpoles, especially, not to turn into frogs. We do not feel much distressed about its success. We confess we had a little rather not see the Standard wasting its space in arguments against Birney and liberty voting, for when otherwise employed it brings forth good anti-slavery matter, which sets people a thinking. We should prefer to see its columns wholly occupied with pithy and pungent documents, showing the sin and misery of slavery—strong moral suasion, such as we ourselves find it necessary to use for the increase of the Liberty party. Such documents do good, come whence they may, and increase the Birney vote. But as long as there is a little corner of the Standard not occupied with the onslaught upon Birney, we think he and liberty are still benefited. The Standard calls Birney "shuffling and tricky;" no matter, the Standard's candidate is not as good as that, he is *no body at all!* Nature, which ordains that tadpoles shall change their dress, also ordains that all real anti-slavery converts, when they become *men*, shall vote for *somebody*. We are determined to rejoice in all which the Standard does, and it even yet does something, to convince people of the wickedness of Slavery. We rejoice in the preaching of Abby Kelley, even. Her eloquence, when it is anti-slavery, brings men to feel for the slave, and when once made to feel they must act. Abby puts anti-slavery life into them, and nature and reason take care of the rest in spite of her. Like a hen clucking to keep new hatched ducklings out of the water, she may abuse the Liberty party as much as she pleases, no great success can she have. All we are afraid of is, that if she devotes herself entirely to anti-*Birney* eloquence, there will be no ducklings hatched to cluck to.

Well, we have run on into almost an article. But we have not undertaken, and shall not undertake, to drive the Standard into speaking the truth in regard to Mr. Birney. With its spectacles, it is impossible for it to see the truth, how then can it speak it?

CLEARNESS OF VISION.—Mrs. Chapman gives the following account of the action of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, at its late meeting, in regard to the Liberty party:

"5th. The 'Liberty Party.' This came up under no resolution, it having been the intention of the business committee to avoid the usual, and, as it must now appear to all, necessary and unavoidable condemnation of the party—

'Mildewed ear,
Blasting its wholesome brother.'

All such attempts, however well meant, are in vain, while the animus of the 'Liberty Party' remains what it is—hostile to Anti-Slavery. Wo is evermore to them who neither see nor feel their obstacles. Many such, morally blind and benumbed ones, were *made* to feel and see the pro-slavery nature of the 'Liberty Party' at this meeting."

Very true, Mrs. Chapman. None but the *blind* are capable of seeing anything of the sort.—*Ibid.*

From the New-York Observer.

PRESBYTERY OF GENEVA ON SLAVERY.

Whereas amidst the agitations in the community on the subject of American Slavery this Presbytery has hitherto remained silent, because they had no sympathy with either the spirit, or the measures of some of the agitators; and whereas in a season, when so many ecclesiastical bodies are making open declarations on the subject; it is thought that we also ought to take action in regard to it—Therefore,

Resolved, That the subject of American slavery is not strictly within the jurisdiction of this Presbytery, and we cannot, therefore, in our present circumstances, go farther than a simple expression of a general opinion in relation to it.

Resolved, That we are free to express our belief that American Slavery is a great moral evil, which it is ardently desired may be removed from the land as soon and as fast as is compatible with the best interests both of the servant and his master.

Resolved, That we sympathize with our brethren in the South, who feel that Slavery is a moral and social evil, who are praying to God to open the way for the deliverance from it, and who are laboring to the extent of their ability to meliorate the condition of those in bondage; and we will, so far as we are able, lend them our hearty co-operation in any feasible plan, which they may devise, having for its end the moral elevation and civil emancipation of those in slavery among them.

Resolved, That we highly disapprove of the temper, and the spirit, and the measures of the no-government Abolitionists at the North, who openly avow their purpose to dissever the States of the Union, and dig the grave of the American church.

Resolved, That we entirely disapprove of the course which has been pursued by some political abolitionists at the North in the following particulars viz: in their unqualified denunciations of the South; in their denunciation of all the clergy, who could not adopt their particular views, in their invasions of the sanctity of the Sabbath, and in their efforts, sometimes successful, to divide churches.

Resolved, in our judgment, That the institution of Slavery, wherever it may exist, cannot be justified by an appeal to the scriptures.

Resolved, That the spirit of Christian love is the only element by us known, which has power to meliorate the condition of the slave, elevate his moral nature, and secure to him the blessings of civil liberty; and that the triumph of spiritual Christianity in a slaveholding community will terminate speedily and safely the institution of bond-service.

Resolved, That the stated Clerk be directed to procure the publication of the above resolutions in the New-York Observer.

These resolutions were adopted by the Presbytery with but one dissenting voice.

Attest, THOS. LOUNSBURY, Stated Clerk.
Feb. 6, 1845.

From the Republican Journal, Belfast, Me.

FANATICISM.

In every movement, it is to be expected that there will be some whose zeal will border upon fanaticism: indeed, it is well that there should be such, for they open the way for the timid to progress. But when a large body of men, comprising the greatest portion of a movement, is infected with fanaticism, the actors are only contemptible except as their numbers may give them weight. So it is with abolitionism. We are all Abolitionists, in the abstract, and would rejoice to see temperate measures tending to the extinction of slavery, progress; but can only regard with contempt and pity, that headlong movement which aims to effect its object over the ruins of the Constitution and the Republic. A memorial to Congress, signed by such fanatics and traitors as Garrison, concludes thus:

"In view of these facts, your memorialists, disclaiming citizenship, and repudiating the present Constitution as a 'covenant with death and an agreement with hell,' ask you to take immediate measures, by a National Convention, or otherwise, to dissolve the union of these States."

If these men "disclaim citizenship," and do not wish to live under the American Constitution, they certainly need not stay. They are not wanted.

From the Plymouth Rock.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, Jan. 28th, 1845.

Mr. Printer:—This appears to be an age for moral reform, or rather societies purporting to be such. There has been meetings lately of the Fourier Society, political and no-party Abolitionists, the two latter of which are striving to put each other down. I occasionally dropped into the meetings of the no-party Abolitionists, to witness the proceedings, which were of rather a equally character, and at times exceedingly *rich*.

A. would offer a string of resolutions; B. C. and D. would rise and oppose them; B. would get off some more; A. C. and D. would do their best to demolish them, and so on There seemed to be a perfect chaos—such as stamping, hissing, cheering, and hallooing "go it Nabby," "give it to 'em whiskers," "sit down, Foster," "pitch it into 'em, Foster," "song, song, song! Phillips, Phillips, Pierpont, Burleigh, Remond, Clapp," &c. What occasioned the more noise, was the fact, that the political Abolitionists would rise and interrupt the speaker addressing the audience, contrary to all rules and order. Once in a while some one would say to the speaker—"that's a *lie* as black as h—ll"—"down, you d—d fool," and other amiable remarks. There appears to be some "*come outers*" from the come-outers. I believe one resides in P. Everything not squaring to their views, was denounced in the bitterest terms; they bore down very hard on the Constitutions of the State and the United States, on the Whigs and Democrats in general, and the Boston Post in particular.

THE CASE OF JONATHAN WALKER.—As much fictitious sympathy has been expressed in certain quarters, relative to the fate of Capt. Jonathan Walker, it may be well to state, that he was indicted and convicted of carrying off in a boat, by sea, seven negro slaves, belonging to three different individuals, and was captured and brought back to Pensacola, tried, and condemned to be branded on the right hand with the letters "S. S." fined one hundred and fifty dollars, to stand in the pillory one hour, and imprisoned fifteen days. The branding is a mere form, seldom leaving a mark. The pillory is not as pleasant—but wherefore this sympathy? A man steals seven negroes for the purpose of selling them again, probably; each worth six hundred dollars, and may have been all that their owners had in the world. The same value in goods would have consigned a person here to the State Prison for seven years at hard labor, yet in a slave country, the offender is let off with a brand—an hour in the pillory, and a few days confinement. Where is the opening at all for sympathy.—*Sun.*

Selections.

LETTER FROM C. M. CLAY, TO THE PEOPLE OF KENTUCKY.

Whilst I was battling in the North, in a triangular fight, with Whigs, Abolitionists, and Democrats, for the postulate, that "what the law makes property, is property," and that all good citizens should abide by the law, till they can, in a legal and constitutional manner, conform it to their conscientious standard of morality, the Southern press was denouncing me as wishing to employ the army and navy of the United States in the forcible liberation of the slaves. The many calumnies, insinuations against my fidelity to the laws and State allgeiance, I shall not condescend to repel. I say to those who are so insidiously attempting to prejudice me in the confidence of the Whig party, that I shall nothing palliate or deny; conscious of my own duty to the American people, I have fearlessly discharged it; and as I never played the sycophant to men for the sake of office, though sacrificing some personal pride in the cause of the political principles of that party, to some portion of which I owe nothing, so in defeat, I have nothing to deplore but the common calamities of the country.

To the people of Kentucky I would humbly suggest that I am the son of one of the first pioneers of the West—a man who, in an obscure way, rendered some service to his country, both in the council and in the field; he was one of the founders of the State Constitution, and his services were not unappreciated by those who have perpetuated his memory, by giving his name to one of the counties of the Commonwealth. I speak not of these things in a vain spirit, or from overweening filial affection, but to remind those men of yesterday, that they are presuming to much upon popular credulity, and their own significance, when they set themselves up as the exclusive guardians of the honor and welfare of the State, and undertake to denounce and ostracise me as an enemy to the country. Having some small interest in the soil, as well as in the good name of the Commonwealth, with all my humility and love of equality, I cannot but give utterance to some touches of contempt and indignation towards those feeders upon the crumbs which fall from other men's tables, who affect so much sensibility about the property of the country. If there is in our State something improper or dangerous to be talked or written about, I put it to every true and manly Kentuckian, if that thing is not improper and dangerous in its existence among us? And if so, is he who undertakes to remove the evil, the enemy of his country? Or rather, is not that man, who, seeing the wrong, for the sake of popularity, and a narrow self-interest, in opposition to the welfare of the great mass of the people, dares not attempt its extinction, a traitor and a coward, and truly deserving the execration of his countrymen? I am not ashamed to admit that I am an uncompromising foe of tyranny, wherever displayed; and I proudly avow myself the eternal enemy of slavery. At the same time, experience-taught charity warns me to lose none of my sympathy for the slaveholder, because of his misfortune, or his fault; and whilst I would be just to the Black, I am free to confess, that every feeling of association, and instinctive sentiment of self-elevation, leads me to seek the highest welfare of the White, whatever may be the consequences of liberating the African.

Bred among slaves, I regarded them with indifference, seeing no departure from morals or economical progress in the tenure. The emancipation movement, about 1830, affected me as it did most persons at the time; and I felt some new and pleasing emotions springing up in my bosom when I had resolved, in common with my lamented brother, to liberate my slaves. I authorized him to put my name to the Emancipation Society, formed about that time in Mercer County. In the same year I went on to Yale College, in a free State. I was not blind, and therefore saw a people living there luxuriously, on a soil which here would have been deemed the high-road to famine and the alms-house. A city of ten or fifteen thousand inhabitants rose up in the morning, passed through all the busy strife of the day, and lay down again at night in quiet and security, and not a single police officer was any where to be seen. Here were more than five hundred young men congregated from all climes, of various habits and temperaments, in the quick blood of youth and all-conquering passion, and there was not found in all the city, so far as the public were aware, a single woman so fallen as to demand a less price for her love than honorable marriage. A gray-haired judge of seventy years and more, in a lifetime of service, had pronounced sentence of death upon but five criminals in a whole State, and three of these were brought down to ruin by intemperance. I had been taught to regard Connecticut as a land of wooden nutmegs, and leather pumpkin-seed; yet there was a land of sterility without paupers, and a people where no man was to be found who could not write his name, and read his laws, and his Bible. These were strange things; but far more strange, passing strange, will it be, Kentuckians! if you shall not come to the same conclusion to which I was compelled—that liberty, religion, and education, were the cause of all these things, and the true foundation of individual happiness and national glory. In 1835 I introduced a Common School bill into the House of Representatives of Kentucky; it was lost. In 1838 I had the pleasure of voting for the present Common School law, in common with a great majority of my compeers. Before 1840, I was firmly convinced that universal education in a slave State was impossible! Whilst I now write, the eight hundred thousand dollars set aside, from the proceeds of the sales of the public lands, for Common Schools, surreptitiously appropriated to internal improvements, confirm my conclusion. There is not a single cent in the great Commonwealth of Kentucky appropriated to the education of her people! C. A. Wickliffe, in a Convention of Teachers, in 1840, at Frankfort, said: "If Slavery and Common Schools be incompatible, I say let Slavery perish." The sentiment was met with tremendous applause. Men of Kentucky! what say you? Time has proved that they are incompatible; not a single slave State has succeeded, from the beginning, in the general education of her citizens. Governor Hammond, of South Carolina, says in his message to the Legislature: "The Free School system is a failure. Its failure is owing to the fact that it does not suit our people or our government." Experience and reason have long since proclaimed the same unwelcome fact.

Whilst Mr. Wickliffe was speculating I was acting. By the aid of the law of 1833, I hoped ultimately to emancipate the State from ignorance, poverty, and crime. Kentucky called upon all her sons, by all the glorious memories of the past, by all the fond hopes of the future, to resist those who, by the repeal of that law and a retrograde movement, would sink her into the everduring night and "lower deep" of perpetual slavery. The time had at last come, when I was to play the selfish time-server for office, and temporary elevation, or planting myself upon the eternal principles of truth, justice, and reason, looking to conscience, to posterity, and to God, to fall proudly in their cause. What though I be "a fanatic or an enthusiast," in holding that Slavery is contrary to the Declaration of American Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the common law of our English inheritance, and in violation of the laws of nature and of God—the effects of it are beyond all controversy; the monumental hand of time has written them in characters of horrible distinctness—turning the dewy heavens into brass, and scathing the green earth with sterility and decay. The whole South cries out with anguish against this or that measure of national injury; implores and denounces in alternate puerility; makes and unmakes Presidents; enacts and repeals laws with a petulance and recklessness, more worthy of manly indignation, than the pitiable forbearance of the North. Yet no relief comes to the sinking patient; her hypochondriacal illusions are not dispelled; she cannot, she will not see that Slavery, nothing but Slavery, is the cause of her ruin. Her fields relapse into primitive sterility; her population wastes away; manufactures recede from the infected border; trade languishes; decay trenches upon her meagre accumulations of taste or utility; gaunt famine stalks into the shattered portals of the homestead; the hearthstone is invaded by a more relentless intruder than the officer of the law; and the castle that may stand before the sword, falls by this slow, secret, and resistless enemy; the blood of the body politic is frozen at the core; atrophy paralyses all its limbs; sullen despair begins to display itself upon the care-worn faces of men; the Heavens and the earth cry aloud—the eternal laws of happiness and existence have been trampled under foot; and yet, with a most pitiable infatuation, the South still clings to Slavery.

The competition of unrequite d service, slave-labor, dooms the laboring white millions of these States to poverty; poverty gives them over to ignorance; and ignorance and poverty are the fast high-roads to crime and suffering.* Among the more fortunate property holders, religion and morality are staggering and dying. Idleness, extravagance, unthriftiness, and want of energy, precipitate slaveholders into frequent and unheard-of bankruptcies, such as are unknown in free States and well ordered monarchies. The spirit of uncontrolled command vitiates our temperaments, and destroys that evenness of temper, and equanimity of soul, which are the sheet anchors of happiness and safety in a world of unattainable desire and inexorable evil. Population is sparse, and without numbers there is neither competition nor division of labor, and of necessity, all mechanic arts languish among us.† Agriculture drags along its slow pace with slovenly, ignorant, reckless labor. Science, literature, and art, are strangers here; poets, historians, artists, and machanists, the lovers of the ideal, the great, the beautiful, the true, and the useful; the untiring searchers into the hidden treasures of unwilling nature, making the winds, the waters, the palpable and the impalpable essences of things tributary to man; creating gratification for the body, and giving new susceptibility and expansion to the soul; they flourish where thought and action are untrammeled; ever daring must be the spirit of genius; its omnipotence belongs only to the *free*. A loose and inadequate respect for the rights of property, of necessity follows in the wake of Slavery. Duelling, bloodshed, and Lynch law, leave but little security to person. A general demoralization has corrupted the first minds in the nation; its hot contagion has spread among the whole people; licentiousness, crime, and bitter hate, infest us at home; repudiation, and the forcible propagandism of Slavery, are arraying against us the world in arms. I appeal to history, to reason, to nature, and to conscience, which neither time, nor space, nor fear, nor hate, nor hope of reward, nor crime, nor pride, nor selfishness, can utterly silence. Are not these things true? A minute comparison of the free and slave States, so often and ably made, I forbear; I leave this unwilling and bitter proof to each man's observation and reflection. There is, however, one consideration which I would urge upon all, because it excludes all "fanaticism and enthusiasm." Kentucky will be richer in dollars and cents by emancipation, and *slaveholders will be the wealthier by the change.*

I assert, from my own knowledge, that lands of the same quality in the free, are from 100 to 150 per cent. higher in value than in the slave States—in some cases probably six hundred per cent. higher! Lands six miles from Cincinnati, in Ohio, I am credibly informed, are worth $60 per acre, whilst in Kentucky, at the same distance from that city, and of the same quality, they are worth only $10 per acre! Now the slaveholders of the State are, with rare exceptions, the land-holders of the State; they therefore absolutely increase their fortune by liberating their slaves, even *without compensation*. Thus if I own 1,000 acres of land in Fayette, it is worth $50,000; say I own twelve slaves, worth $5,000, the probable ratio between land and slaves; if my land rise to the value of the free State standard, which it must do, my estate becomes worth (losing the value of the slaves, $5,000) $95,000.‡ If it rises to $150 per acre, three times its present value, as I most sincerely believe it would do in twenty years after emancipation, the man owning 1,000 acres of land, not worth $50 per acre, would be worth under the free system, $145,000. Now this assertion is fully proven by facts open to all. Kentucky was settled by wealthy emigrants; Ohio, by mere laborers mostly. Kentucky has forty-two thousand square miles in area; Ohio, but forty thousand. Kentucky is the senior of Ohio by nearly one-half of the existence of the latter. Kentucky is the superior of Ohio in soil, climate, minerals, and timber, to say nothing of the beauty of her surface—and yet Ohio's taxes for 1843 amounted to $2,361,482 81, whilst Kentucky's tax is only $343,617 76. Thus showing Ohio's superior productive energy over Kentucky. Ohio has twenty-three electoral votes to our twelve and outstrips us in about the same ratio in all things else. A comparison of the older free and slave States will show a much more favorable balance sheet to the free labor States; whilst the slave States have greatly the advantage in climate and soil, to say nothing of the vastly greater extent of the territory of the slave States.§

Massachusetts produces more in gross manufactures yearly, than all the cotton in the Union sells for!‖ Let Louisville look to Cincinnati, and ask herself how many millions of dollars Slavery cost her? All our towns dwindle, and our farmers lose, in consequence, all home markets. Every farmer bought out by the slave system, sends off one of the consumers of the manufactures of the towns; when the consumers are gone the mechanic must go also. A has acquired another 1,000 acres of land, but B has gone to Ohio with the $50,000 paid for it, and the State is that much the poorer in the aggregate. A has increased his apparent means, but his market has flown to lands governed by wiser heads than the land of Slavery can boast. Beef from Fayette sold this spring in the city of New York for $6 per hundred, but the expense of carriage was $3 per hundred: thus, for want of a home market, which cannot exist in a slave State, the Beef raiser *loses one-half of the yearly proceeds of his farm.* Slavery costs every man in the community about the same price—one-half and more of the proceeds of his labor, as the price of lands has already shown!

Political difficulties thicken around us; war, for the perpetuation of this curse, threatens us in the distance; dark clouds of bloodshed, dissolution, and utter ruin, lower on the horizon; the great national heart lies bleeding in the dust, under the relentless heel of the slave power! It requires no very quick eye to see that the political power of Kentucky is gone for ever, unless she takes a new tack, and revives under the free labor system. Having in truth, no common interest with the slaveholding policy of the South

less; not pro-slavery enough for "the chivalry," nor free enough for the *free*, between two stools she flounders on the ground.

Christians, moralists, politicians, and merely let-live laborers feel these bitter truths. Kentucky never will unite herself to the slave empire, born of Southern disunion: then let her at once lead on the van of freedom. Is the cry of liberty less powerful than Slavery to move the hearts of men? Let us then be just and fear not. Let us liberate our slaves, and make friends instead of enemies for the evil day; for all the signs of the times proclaim that the elements of revolution are among us; when the crisis comes, if we are free all will be safe; if not, no man can see the end.* British emancipation has gone before us, proving all things safe. The price of lands in the colonies is admitted on all hands to have risen in value, in spite of all the enemies of freedom: these are the eternal and undisputable proofs of successful reform.† The day you strike off the bonds of slavery, experience and statistics prove the prophecy of Thomas Jefferson, that the ratio of the increase of the blacks upon a given basis, diminishes, compared with the increase of slavery; whilst the influx of white immigration swallows up the great mass of the African race, in the progress and civilization of the more energetic white. Amalgamation of the two races, so affectedly dreaded by some pro-slavery men, is far less in the free than in the slave States; this all men know from observation; what a little reflection would have enabled them, *a priori*, to have determined. Many of the more faithful and industrious slaves may be employed by their quondam masters, while the idle and vicious must suffer the consequences of their folly. Stealing will not increase, as some argue, but be diminished, for vigilance would be more active, and punishment more certain and severe. *Let candidates be started in all the counties in favor of a Convention, and run again and again, till victory shall perch on the standard of the free.* Whether emancipation be remote or immediate, regard must be had to the rights of owners, the habits of the old, and the general good feeling of the people. To those who cry out for ever, "What shall be done with the freed slaves?" it will occur that upon this plan, no more will be left among us than we shall absolutely need, for we have every reason to suppose that many of the opponents of the movement will leave us before its consummation, taking their slaves with them; and the State ought not to, if she could, at once deprive herself of the slave laborers now here.

Then let us, having no regard to the clamors of the ultras of the North or the South, move on unshaken in our purpose, to the glorious end. Shall sensible men be forever deluded by the silly cry of "abolitionists;" is this not becoming not only ridiculous but contemptible? Can you not see that many base demagogues have been crying out wolf, whilst they were playing the traitors to their party and the country for personal elevation? Is it not time that some sense of returning justice should revive in your bosoms, and that you should cease to denounce those who in defeat do not forget their integrity, and who, though fallen, do not despair of the Republic?

Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and the great founders of the Republic, are my standard bearers; Liberty and Union is my motto. Never yet has a Kentuckian deserted his country's standard and fled the field. Shall I be the first to prove recreant to the sentiment which should ever be uppermost in the bosoms of the gallant and the free, when danger, no matter whether of the sword, or more damning despotism threatens his native land.

—"Think through *whom*
Thy life blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!"

I have given my slaves freedom for the public good. Is more needed? Tax me to the verge of sustenance and life, and make my country *free!* I call upon all Kentucky to speak out upon this subject; let each man come to the press in his own name; let us hear others—hear all. Trust not to those who in private whisper approval in your ear, but denounce the open advocates of the same admissions. I do not profess to be infallible; if I am wrong, show me the right—no man will do more, suffer more, for conciliation. I listen to advice, I implore counsel; but neither denunciation, nor proscription, nor persecution, shall silence me; and so far as the voice of one individual makes up the omnipotence of public will, I say, Kentucky shall be free. Let no man be startled; a few years ago most men looked upon slavery as a matter of course, a thing of necessity, which was to live for centuries. Now, few are so hardy as to deny that some twenty or thirty years will witness its extinction.

The time is, in my judgment, yet nearer at hand. A space of three counties deep, lying along the Ohio river, contains a decided majority of the people of the State, as well as the greater part of the soil. How long before slaves there will be, from obvious causes, utterly useless? Soon, very soon, will they find themselves bearing all the evils of Slavery, without any, the least remuneration. Does any man believe that they will tamely submit to this intolerable grievance? If Slavery does not tumble down of itself, they will vote it down, for they will have the *power*, and it will be their *interest* to do so. The rich interior counties of the State have the least need of slave labor of any portion of the globe. The mountains are ruined by the decreasing population of the lowlands, and the inability to consume their products, where slaves abound. The Green River country should remember that if Pandora's box was opened again upon mankind, two greater curses, and forerunners of poverty, and ruin than slaves and tobacco, could not be found! Kentuckians, be worthy of your past fame—be heroes once more. God has not designed this most favored land to be occupied by an inferior race. Italian skies mantle over us, and more than Sicilian luxuriance is spread beneath our feet. Give us *free labor*, and we shall indeed become "*the garden of the world.*" But what if not? Man was not created only for the eating of Indian meal: the mind—the soul must be fed, as well as the body. The same spirit which led us to the battle-field, gloriously to illustrate the national name, yet lives in the hearts of our people; they feel their false position, their impotency of future accomplishment. This weight must be removed. *Kentucky must be free.* CASSIUS M. CLAY.

Lexington, Ky. Jan. 1845.

* See an appeal to the people of Massachusetts, on the annexation of Texas.

† Some thick-headed "anti-fanatical" politicians affect to consider British emancipation a failure, because the imports and exports are less since emancipation than before. Every one knows that in planting with slave labor, simplicity is always necessarily aimed at; hence great exports of sugar, &c.; but under the free system, many articles of subsistence are cultivated instead of sugar. The price of land is, therefore, the only true test of prosperity. See "Visit to the West Indies."

Communications.

Second Annual Meeting of the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Society.

Pursuant to a call, the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Society convened at Talman Hall, in the city of Rochester, on Wednesday, February 5th, during the most severe snow storm that has visited us since 1839. The roads were completely blockaded, so that all communication from the surrounding country was cut off. On this account, many friends who were expecting to be present, were prevented from attending. Brothers John A. Collins and James C. Fuller, of Skeneateles, started on Monday to attend, but did not reach here until Saturday. We missed the presence of our friends from Farmington and Waterloo—the Hathaways and McClintocks—with many others who are always ready to attend to the calls of humanity, and will surmount anything but *impossibilities*. Our eastern brethren, who were written to with a request to answer our communications, we saw nor heard nothing of, so that we were comparatively alone. Some noble hearts, notwithstanding the severity of the storm, made their way to the Convention; among these were Lorenzo Mabbit, John W. Hurn, and Robert Palmer, of Sodus Bay Phalanx, who *walked* from there, forty miles, to attend. They arrived on the first day of the storm. W. W. Brown and G. B. Stebbins were with us. J. B. Sanderson was detained at Farmington by the storm. After some brief discussion on the propriety of organizing, the President of the Society being absent, LORENZO MABBIT, of Sodus Bay Phalanx, was called to the Chair, and JAMES B. COOPER, SARAH A. BURTISS, and E. W. CAPRON were appointed Secretaries. On motion of William W. Brown, a Committee of three were appointed to draft resolutions and bring business before the Convention. G. B. Stebbins, D. Pickard, and John W. Hurn, were appointed such Committee. L. Burtiss moved the appointment of a Finance Committee. H. Bush opposed a Committee, and was himself appointed to the business of such Committee. J. W. Hurn moved the appointment of a Committee to propose names for officers the ensuing year. Amy Post, Henry Bush, Lewis Burtiss, Samuel D. Porter, and Sarah H. Hallowell, were appointed such Committee. Adjourned to two o'clock, P. M.

Afternoon Session.—Met pursuant to Adjournment. The Committee to nominate officers, made the following report, which was unanimously adopted:

For President.—Isaac Post, of Rochester.

For Vice Presidents.—Lorenzo Mabbit, of Sodus Bay Phalanx, Wayne county; Pliny Sexton, Palmyra, Wayne county; Mary Ann McClintock, Waterloo, Seneca county; Sampson Robbins, Lockport, Niagara county; Edward Cruttenden, Buffalo, Erie county; Dr. A. Clark, Lima, Livingston county; Joseph C. Hathaway, Farmington, Ontario county; Isaac Jacobs, Jr. Cayuga county; Griffith M. Cooper, Williamson, Wayne county; Rebecca M. C. Capron, Rochester, Monroe county; Henry Bradley, Pen Yan, Yates county.

Corresponding Secretary.—E. W. Capron, Rochester.

Recording Secretary.—Sarah A. Burtiss, Rochester.

Treasurer.—Henry Bush, Rochester.

Collector.—Mary H. Hallowell, Rochester.

Counsellors.—Rhoda DeGarmo, Rochester; Benjamin Fish, Sodus Bay Phalanx; Abigal Bush, Amy Post, Lewis Burtiss, Sarah L. Hallowell, E. P. Willis, Wm. R. Hallowell, John Kedzie, Sarah Owen, Ann Pound, Lemira Kedzie, Rochester; Phebe Hathaway, Farmington; John W. Hurn, Sarah D. Fish, Sodus Bay Phalanx; Thomas McClintock, Waterloo; Elias Doty, Eseek Wilber, Farmington.

The report of the Executive Committee of last year was read and accepted.

The Business Committee reported the following resolutions for discussion:

1. Resolved That American Slavery had its origin in man-stealing, which is piracy, and by consequence all persons and parties, whether political or ecclesiastical, who knowingly and intentionally create, uphold, or extend the institution of American Slavery, are pirates.

2. Resolved, That this nation while boasting of liberty and light, at the same time holding slaves, is not a free nation, but, as Daniel O'Connell says, "A NATION OF LIARS AND HYPOCRITES."

3. Resolved, That both the great political national parties, together with all the great ecclesiastical national parties, do *knowingly and intentionally* create, uphold, and extend the institution of American Slavery.

4. Resolved, That the silence and apathy displayed by the northern part of this Republic, when her citizens are imprisoned in a Southern port for no crime but the color of their skin; is a foul blot on the escutcheon of the United States, and that it is the duty of all lovers of liberty, to brand the word "hypocrite" with letters of living fire on the forehead of every professed friend of freedom, who does not use every exertion, in a peaceful and moral manner, to eradicate those codes and laws of blood from the statute-book.

5. Resolved, That the imprisonment of individuals for fulfilling the common dictates of benevolence, in breaking the bonds of the oppressed, and setting the captive at liberty, is a burning shame and a libel on the dignity of manhood, and we care not where the warrant for such actions may be found, but we brand the perpetrators of such villainy as miscreants, robbers, and murderers, on the ground of the EQUALITY OF THE RACE, and *the common rights of man*, independent of creeds, compacts, or Constitutions, wherever found, or by whomsoever made.

6. Whereas, the action of the Delegates of the several States, in 1787, in forming the Constitution of these United States, was a base subserviency to the slave power of the South, and although it may be, and is said that it is a libel on the avowed principles of the patriotic fathers of this Republic, to assert that after striving through many long years of toil, trouble, and blood to obtain that highest boon of God to man, more dear than life itself, viz: liberty for themselves and their descendants, that they submitted as tools to slavocracy, and assisted in fastening the chains they had severed from their own limbs, on those of their common brothers: yet painful as the truth may be, we are compelled in honesty to declare that their unmanly truculence in allowing the three-fifths representation, and perpetuating the abominable African Slave-Trade, allowing the fugitive to be returned, together with the fact of their personal holding of slaves, was a greater living libel on their professed faith and principles, than language can depict or express; therefore

Resolved, That it is the duty of every honest Abolitionist, to withdraw from all connection with slaveholders, either politically or ecclesiastically, and to demand a *peaceful* DISSOLUTION OF THAT UNION, which makes us supporters of a system of fraud, violence, and bloodshed.

(Sent in by a young lady unable to be present.)

7. Resolved, That while so large a portion of the *Northern* press, and so many *Northern dough-faces*, are conniving with *Southern slavocrats* for the further extension and perpetuation of *Slavery*, we hail the establishment of an Anti-Slavery newspaper, amid the moral desolation at Louisville, Kentucky, by CASSIUS M. CLAY, himself a *repentant* slaveholder, as a bright harbinger of good to the cause of human freedom.

8. Resolved, That in our opinion, all Anti-Slavery people should by the initials S. S. branded in the flesh of Capt. Walker, recognize them as meaning SLAVE SAVIOUR.

9. Resolved, That in our opinion, the law of this State requiring colored citizens to be worth two hundred and fifty dollars before they can use the elective franchise, and thus making money instead of merit a criterion of citizenship, as unworthy a place in the statute of this State.

Resolution No. 1 was then taken up. Wm. W. Brown and D. Pickard spoke in favor of the resolution. H. Bush opposed, on the ground that *all* were pirates, who used the *least* products of Slavery knowingly. We were only *accessory* to piracy. Said the "Liberty" party were upholding piracy, by voting under the Constitution. S. D. Porter, (Liberty Party,) denied the pro-slavery of the Constitution—said he thought the Slave-Trade *never was piracy*, in the United States!!! After some further remarks of John W. Hurn and L. Burtiss, in favor, and Ira French against, who commenced by saying, "Mr. President, ☞ I have yet to learn that man-stealing is piracy!!!" (he's a Liberty Party man.) The resolution was passed. Resolution No. 2 was then taken up. G. B. Stebbins defended the resolution in an eloquent speech, quoting the truthful sayings of foreign despots and tyrants, in regard to our slaveholding democracy. On the question being taken, Ira French voted against the resolution, and in "defining his position," said he did not like the hard names used by the "young Hot spurs." D. Pickard said that in *former* times there was a remark made by a noted individual, in this wise, "O full of all subtlety thou child of the devil." J. W. Hurn had read that some 1800 years ago, a young upstart, who had never had the advantage of the counsels of the world, said to the people, "Wo unto you Scribes, Pharisees—Hypocrites. How shall ye escape the damnation of hell." French said that he would not hear his Saviour defamed—called it an infidel Convention, took "*French* leave," and came no more among us. W. L. Burtiss moved that a committee of three be appointed to prepare an address to the people of the United States, to be adopted by the Convention—carried. John W. Hurn, G. B. Stebbins, and H. Bush were appointed such Committee. Moved, that speakers hereafter be limited to thirty minutes. Carried.

Evening Session.—Met pursuant to adjournment. Song by W. W. Brown. Resolution No. 6 was taken up and discussed by W. W. Brown, G. B. Stebbins, and W. Hurn, in favor, and S. D. Porter, D. Pickard, against; and without taking the vote on the resolution the meeting adjourned to ten o'clock, Thursday morning.

Thursday Morning.—Met pursuant to adjournment. Resolution No. 6 laid on the table, and No. 4 taken up for discussion. Lorenzo Mabbit and G. B. Stebbins spoke in its favor. David Briggs (who is evidently laboring under a diseased action of veneration and marvellousness) said no church member or priest was fit for, or *could be* an Abolitionist. He's a great contender for the right of speech, but never speaks to the question. He was requested to confine himself to the resolution, when he left the room, but soon returned, frequently speaking on *universal* Slavery with much truth. W. W. Brown also spoke in favor of the resolutions. M. A. Jackson, a colored brother, who has tasted the sweets of a New Orleans prison, *on account of his color*, moved to strike out the word *free*, before citizens. In New-York, colored persons, were *not* citizens, without two hundred and fifty dollars worth of real estate. The amendment was accepted, and thus amended the resolution passed. No. 5 was then taken up and discussed by W. W. Brown, C. A. Avery, and Henry Bush, and the Convention adjourned to meet at two o'clock.

Afternoon Session.—Met agreeable to adjournment. Resolution No. 5 taken up. D. Pickard moved to strike out all after the words "*on the ground of,*" and insert instead, "*the common* LAW." This substituting *law* for *humanity* was objected to by E. W. Capron and John W. Hurn, and the amendment was lost. The original then passed. No. 6 was then called up again for discussion. Lewis Burtiss spoke in its favor, and was replied to by Silas Cornwell. Henry Bush made an eloquent speech in favor of the resolution, charging the "Liberty" party with the support of Slavery, by voting under the Constitution. This resolution brought the "Liberty" party and old organized Abolitionists into contact. The discussion was continued to a great length and with much ability on both sides. The speakers in addition to those above were G. B. Stebbins, who analyzed the *intention* of the framers of the Constitution in a masterly manner, and C. Avery in opposition. The resolution being still under discussion, the Convention adjourned to meet at half-past six o'clock in the evening.

Evening Session.—G. B. Stebbins made a most eloquent and convincing argument against the blood-stained Constitution. The further proceedings of the Convention were interrupted by a very destructive fire (which broke out in the western part of the city, and destroyed much valuable property,) and the Convention adjourned to meet on Friday morning, at ten o'clock.

Friday morning.—Met agreeable to adjournment. Song, "Rescue the Slave." L. Mabbit spoke in favor of both Liberty Party and Old Organization. "He was a non-resistant *voter*—explained how he thought it could be done. On the whole, he was thought to be opposed to the resolution. W. W. Brown spoke in favor, making most eloquent and touching appeals in favor of dissolving all connection with slaveholders. J. W. Hurn also spoke in favor, and Mr. Fish, of this city, spoke against the resolution. He seemed very much alarmed at the encroachments upon the Constitution, and exclaimed, Where am I! Oh! my country! my country!! and the poor man was so much affected for love of the slave and the Constitution, that he could not proceed—poor man. This was a very active *Polk man*. During the debate on this resolution, Friend Porter said that some Abolitionists had a maggot in their heads the reason they called the Constitution pro-slavery. Friend Fish thought the admission of Texas would tend to *abolish* Slavery!!! E. W. Capron spoke of our ecclesiastical connection with Slavery. M. A. Jacon, who yesterday spoke against, to-day spoke in favor of *Dissolution*. After a full and fair discussion *for two days*, during which time the Liberty Party men not only denied the pro-slavery of the Constitution, but denied that even the horrible Slave-Trade *ever was piracy*; and after much able discussion on both sides, the great DISSOLUTION resolution was passed with scarcely an opposing voice. After the passing of the resolution, the Convention adjourned until two o'clock.

Afternoon Session.—Met pursuant to adjournment. The remainder of the resolutions were passed with but little discussion or opposition. L. Mabbit read an extract from the report of the Executive Committee of the Western New-York Free Produce Association, and introduced a free produce resolution, which was laid on the table. Adjourned to half-past six o'clock, evening.

Evening Session.—Song, "Get off the track." The Committee appointed to bring forward an address, then presented their report by their chairman, John W. Hurn, who read a most eloquent, bold, and appropriate address. It was drawn up by Friend Hurn, and needs only to be read to know the talents of the writer who, though a very young man, has looked deep into the cause of Slavery every where and of *all* kinds. The address was unanimously adopted, not even a vote against it by our Liberty party friends. The following memorials were then unanimously adopted by the Convention:

To the House of Representatives of the United States:

We, the undersigned, in behalf of the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Society, *and others*,* believing that the Annexation of Texas would tend to extend and perpetuate Slavery, which we wish to see done away, and *not* perpetuated, do respectfully ask that in case Texas should be annexed to the United States, a peaceful dissolution of the Union may take place.

To the Legislature of the State of New York:

We, the undersigned, in behalf of the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Society, *and others*, in case Texas should be annexed to the United States, and in case colored citizens of this State, should hereafter be incarcerated in Southern prisons, and made to suffer simply because they were created with darker skins than those who imprison them, do respectfully ask, that you may call for a peaceful dissolution of the Union.

The 3d and most radical one was adopted with but *two* dissenting voices. It was as follows:

To the House of Representatives of the United States:

We, the undersigned, in behalf of the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Society, *and others*, since the Union now existing between the Southern and Northern States is the great bulwark of American Slavery, do respectfully ask for a peaceful *Dissolution of the Union.*

These memorials were signed by the President and Secretaries of the Society, and forwarded to the member of Congress from this district, (E. B. Holmes,) and to W. C. Bloss, of our State Legislature. After a request for the Executive Committee to meet the next morning, the Convention adjourned *sine die.*

ISAAC POST, *President.*
SARAH A. BURTISS, E. W. CAPRON, } *Secretaries.*

Liberator please copy.

* The words "and others," were added by the request of some of our *Liberty party* friends.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee, Saturday morning, February 8th, RHODA DEGARMO in the Chair, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That E. W. Capron, of Rochester, be appointed GENERAL AGENT of the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Society for the ensuing year.

Resolved, That we consider Giles B. Stebbins, William W. Brown, and Jeremiah B. Sanderson, efficient and faithful advocates of the cause of the slave, and as such, warmly recommend them to the heart and *purse* of every Abolitionist.

Resolved, That ISAAC JACOBS be appointed agent to collect and receive funds for this Society, in Cayuga county.

Resolved, That the General Agent be requested to immediately issue a call for a series of MASS CONVENTIONS to be held in Western New-York.

RHODA DEGARMO, Ch'm of Com.
SARAH A. BURTISS, Secretary.
Anti-Slavery papers please copy.

Letter from Samuel Swain, Jr.

PHILADELPHIA, 2d mo. 9th, 1845.

DEAR FRIEND GAY:—Quite an impetus has been given to the good cause in this city, and the eastern part of the State, by the eloquent agents of the American Society. The Executive Committee of our State Society have endeavored to make the best use of their valuable services, by numerous appointments of meetings and conventions, and discussions; and nobly have they come up to their work. The Truth has been preached with "demonstration and with power." That electricity of the moral world has flashed from lips "touched with a living coal," with vivid energy. Many a stronghold of darkness and error has been rived and shivered to pieces by its fatal strokes. The fiendish turbulence of the mob has been shamed, and lulled to rest by its heavenly radiance and beauty, and a new fire kindled in the hearts that were untenanted by humanity,

"Till those who came to scoff remained to pray."

The voice of *woman* pleading for human nature, and the resurrection of the principles of buried freedom, has been heard with a wondering interest. Those who have never before cared for reform, nor dreamed but what mankind, with all their oppressions and diabolical customs, were good enough, have been compelled to bow to the power of her tones, and concede the divinity of her doctrine. Through the subsiding murmur of political conflict, 'twas pleasant and soothing to hear woman tell of holier aspirations and principles that were crushed and strangled in the battle—to see her walking like an angel on the troubled waters of party strife, to rescue and reanimate what was perishing. There is everything in the circumstance of a woman sacrificing the endearments of home—the educated love of ease, and the false modesty of her sex, and going forth into the jeering world to preach despised truth, to recommend her doctrines to the hearts of the people. There is nothing to impeach her sincerity. No motive of self-aggrandizement or political ambition can be supposed to have influenced her, in her crusade against wrong. Nothing but the dictates of "the oracle of God" can nerve the spirit to wrestle with human hate, and stifle the fear of danger.

I heard yesterday that Misses Kelley and Hitchcock were making quite a stir among the Friends of Bucks county. There is a dash of fondness in human nature to hear itself abused—or rather its practices and precepts *criticised*. It has the effect to tickle and rouse that very vulgar faculty *combativeness*, which sensation passes over the mind like a clever little thunder-storm. This universal failing brings out the Friends from their "stillness," like bees from a hive; for even *they* like a little war sometimes—provided it is confined to *words*, and is not *too expensive*. Abby *does* go rough-shod over the prejudices of the people—(and who have stronger than the Quakers?) but then she heals the wounds inflicted, by her eloquence in dealing out her sympathy for the wronged—for the poor desolate of her kind—for the robbed and bleeding mother,

"Like Rachel sorrowing for her lost"—

for the outraged daughter weeping over the desolation of her heart, and her ruined virtue. When they have sown their good seed, and the storm they have raised goes by, then will the influence of their visit be fully felt. It is not in the excitement of debate, and a gathered assembly, that the mind investigates. It is in solitude—in the quiet of evening, that the dew falls on the first germ of principle, and unfolds its fragrant beauty.

I hope these gentle apostles of the Right will be spared to Pennsylvania for some time to come. New England has enough without them. Our State borders on the very hot-beds of Slavery's abominations, and their rank odors are poison in our very atmosphere. We inhale Slavery with every breath. Its blood-hounds leave their sanguine tracks at our very doors. "The falling lash, the fetter's clank," pour their horrible blasphemy on every southern breeze that moves up the Susquehannah. And we certainly have need of every aid. The dazzling genius of Lowell, the eloquence of Burleigh, the liberality of Davis, the industry of McKim is not enough. We want all besides we can get. We want them too stripped of ambition—uncrippled by reverence for the oppressive leagues of tyrants, because sworn to a half a century ago. We want those who preached freedom as Christ preached it, in words of love, not by the bloody enginery of political power.

A prominent feature of Anti-Slavery in this city is the establishment of Sunday and evening schools for the instruction of colored people, old and young. We have a number of them, all of which are daily increasing. In my opinion, this is a branch of the cause too much neglected. It is highly important to remove the prejudice against color—the very root of Slavery—and how can this be done in a more effectual way, than by enlightening the minds and elevating the morals of the free negroes? A good and intelligent man of color is the swiftest witness of Slavery's guilt. Just in proportion as they are elevated in the gaze of Christendom, does their oppressor sink. It is certainly an important duty of Abolitionists to encourage this class of people, and urge them forth to the strife of freedom—to teach them their dignity, and the high duties they owe, the obligations they are under, to their enslaved brethren. Long enough they have borne in silence the contemptuous insults and scornful gaze of the world. Long enough have their lips been sealed in regard to their own and their kindred's wrongs. It is time for them, with the starving Chartist of England, and the plundered peasant of Ireland, to proclaim their injuries, and demand redress. It is time they knew, that at this crisis, "*Silence is Crime!*"

Thine for the Slave,
SAM'L. SWAIN, JR.

The Liberty Party.

LANSING, February 3, 1845.

Messrs. Editors of the N. A. S. Standard:

In the last number of the Standard, I read a communication over the signature of Friend B. Webb, which forcibly impressed my mind as being exactly to the purpose, in regard to our present position, "an omen of good to the cause of the slave," inasmuch as it administers some wholesome reproof to the otherwise true and tried friends of our cause. It has long seemed to me that a spirit of intolerance, and want of Christian charity, was creeping into the ranks of the American Anti-Slavery Society, more especially, in reference to their spirit towards the so-called "Liberty party." That the party have committed faults I cannot deny; but that any considerable number acquiesced in the doings of those who transferred the Emancipator, I very much doubt, but I venture to say that seven-eighths of them will pronounce that an act of manifest injustice, and demanding of them retraction and restitution. Whether the individuals implicated so view it, I will leave to their consciences, and their God to decide; but to me it appears as obvious wrong to themselves, to the slave, and to their God, and needs to be wiped from their soul. It has always appeared to me like taking money from the Treasury of the Lord, and giving it a direction that the donors did not contemplate, although their motives may have been perfectly pure.

But to return. It seems to me high time that the breaches in the glorious Heaven-originated Anti-Slavery enterprise, were made whole again, and all of the friends of the crushed slave made to see eye to eye, and to extend the right hand of fellowship to each other, and all stand upon one common platform, as enemies of Slavery, and friends of equal rights, laboring especially for the emancipation of three millions of our chattelised countrymen, groaning in the great prison-house of *American Republican Slavery*. To this end why not all be of one mind, one heart, one soul, until the year of Jubilee is proclaimed to all the inhabitants of the land. Let us then forget ourselves, and provoke one another to love and good works, and have the spirit that was in Christ the pattern Abolitionist of the world. As like begets like, so the impugning and impeaching the *motives* of our brethren, will cause the like in return, and thus reproach is brought upon the cause, until it bleeds at every pore. Biekerings, strifes, divisions, evil speaking, and hatred, are their fruits. If a brother errs, let us take the gospel method, shed tears on his pathway, and by the spirit of love and kindness reclaim him to our ranks. "Let the weapons of our warfare be not carnal, but spiritual, mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds" of Slavery in *Church* and *State*. And in presenting a mighty phalanx, an unbroken front, thousands will flock to the standard of "*Immediate Emancipation*" and no compromise. It is my prayer that a spirit of love, forbearance, and free tolerance of opinion, may characterise the friends of humanity, until Slavery is removed from the world, until the tocsin bell of universal freedom greets our ear. Until then I remain your co-laborer, and the slave's friend, and deliverer,

B. J. A.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1845.

Union.

So desirable and satisfactory, so helpful and hopeful a thing is union, that men think they can hardly exaggerate its value. The past and the present are studded thickly with examples of the detrimental effects of this general over estimate of it. It is excellent indeed, as a step; but to make it a landing place, is to check all ascent. When this false estimate of its value begins in men's minds, like the over tender mother, they endanger the existence of their idol, by much cherishing. After having destroyed it by their mistaken course, they make a "counterfeit presentment" of it, which, however it may be imposed for a season on their own minds, or on those of others, for real union is but that miserable semblance—*coalition.*

This it is which was palmed off upon the people of the United States, for union, when the leaders of the North and the South compromised the best hopes of the human race from American institutions and civilization, by adopting as a Constitution of Government for a free people an instrument which is a guaranty for Slavery. *This* selfish antagonist of true union it is, which binds together the slaveholder and the Abolitionist, for the sustentation of an absurdity, the shame and the ridicule of which, are becoming daily more apparent to the world.

Not by any such forcing process can union among mankind be effected. It cannot be had by trying for it. It never should be made an object. It is dependent on the state of heart of those who are seeking it, and not on any compromising effort they may make. All such efforts are as hopeless as the chase of one's shadow, in the hope of to overtake it. Lay down a principle in the midst of the scattered fragments of mankind, and those which gravitate towards it, as steel-filings to the magnet, by irresistible attraction,—they, and they only can be truly united.

The Anti-Slavery cause has been rich in illustrations of this fact. How much have men striven in vain to add to their strength for its prosecution by mere agglomeration: as in political party efforts, which, in the necessity of the case must perpetually disappoint them; since there *can* be no principle of cohesion, where numbers are the main object: as in the mere formation of anti-slavery societies, forgetting, meanwhile, that machinery is nothing, except as there moves "the spirit of the *living creature* within the wheels:"* as in the mere appointment of committees, without reference to the fact that individual worth and individual character are the main ingredients of effectual committeeship.

It may not be unprofitable to glance back upon some of the incidents of the Anti-Slavery cause, that demonstrate the mistaken policy and false view of expediency which destroys true union, by descending to coalition.

This time is like all times,—this country and this cause like all countries and causes;—the principles and the experience are universal which prove that coalition with iniquity is ruinous to righteousness.

"Touch pitch and be defiled,"

is an old adage, founded in the deepest philosophy and experience.

We refer to the Anti-Slavery annals for confirmation of the motto of this journal—"Without Concealment—Without Compromise;"—though the world is all before us, with all we know of it, from its beginning to the present hour, in proof that the position is impregnable; for it is both pleasant and profitable to review our own experience, and to find it in harmony with the universal experience. The same thing is going on in the English Parliament, the American Congress, in all human society, that makes the interest of the American Anti-Slavery Society. It is but yesterday that the same uncompromising rectitude for which we plead, found in the French Chambers an advocate in the philosophical genius of Guizot, as it had done so long before in the keen perceptions of Molière. There are two sorts of persons, they both affirm, whose course the interests of the world require of us to avoid and condemn:

"Les uns parce qu'ils sont mechans et malfaisans,
Et les autres, pour etre aux mechans complaisans,
Et n'avoir pas pour eux ces haines vigoureuses,
Que le vice fait naitre aux ames vertueuses.

Let us not be misunderstood. The hatred we invoked is in fact the only true love—that vigorous emotion that vice awakens in virtuous souls, and which, while it prompts them to pity, to pardon and to save, forbids them to coalesce.

In referring to the experience of Abolitionists as to the fallacy of attempting to bring about more union than actually exists, we find the first experiment to have been made when, in 1837, the religious public offered aid on condition that a compromise should be made to their dignity. They would withdraw their opposition, if the Abolitionists would withdraw Garrison from the field, together with the strenuous, uncompromising spirit which he represented. The project was defeated by a timely enunciation of truth and facts; and the inference drawn was the one which wisdom never fails to draw in such cases,—that the parties proposing such a compromise must have been very like in character, however the names by which they chose to call themselves might have differed.

Another of these profitable experiences is afforded by the circular letter issued two years since by a gentleman in Connecticut, to five renegadoes of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, and one faithful adherent of it, containing a proposition for a new coalition on a new platform. Now as there cannot be in philosophy or common sense, any other principles of anti-slavery union, than those already existing in the nature of things—(an agreement, namely, in heart and life for the promotion of the cause, irrespective of doctrines and opinions on other subjects,) it is not surprising that this plan also should have been defeated by the straight-forward common sense and right feeling of the one old organizationist, whose fine gold it was thus impudently proposed to take, to gild five counterfeits withal.

The next attempt was the one made upon the Latimer Committee, to induce them to waste their energies in splintering the dead bones of New-Organization and Third party, to the living body and life-giving spirit of the original Anti-Slavery enterprise. The hostile and the indifferent did not fail to present to that Committee the temptation of swelling up the petition by means of hostile and indifferent names: And if that Committee in any degree yielded to the representations and the misrepresentations made to them at the time, by men who needed their fresh names with which, Vampyre-like, to prolong the existence of an iniquitous party organized for the basest purposes, they paid dearly for the guilty mistake. Everybody remembers how, at the moment when Massachusetts was about to establish a great precedent, by freeing the fugitive Latimer, her purpose was defeated by the selfish and impertinent folly of one whom that Committee had lacked the seasonable firmness to repel, as in duty bound; and they reaped the consequent bitter and disgraceful fruits.

A new proposition, we now learn, is on foot, originating with the unfriends of the American Society across the Atlantic, for a new coalition Committee, to act in cases like those of Walker† of Abolitionists imprisoned and impoverished in the performance of their duty. This proposal is strongly significant of a suspicion on the part of those who make it that they have been over hasty in choosing sides in the conflict between the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those who seek its destruction. The New Organization and Liberty party are troubled with irremediable ill-conditions, imposed upon them by the character of their leaders, as well as by the shallowness of their plans; and their friends abroad painfully feel the need of the only elixir vitæ in such cases—a fresh infusion of integrity and worth. To procure this by dint of coalition, seems to be the object. There are here, as we learn from the Liberator, men ready to second every such motion, for similar reasons. They would reverse the Arabic proverb, and persuade the world that, having been with the rose, they have become roses. Mr. Pierpont, of Boston, Massachusetts, is the most ardent for such a coalition as we have deprecated, between Mr. Garrison and—Mr. Leavitt!!! This is indeed of great consequence to Mr. Pierpont, as the associate of Mr. Leavitt. Is he beginning to feel that a man is judged by the company he keeps, and that those who are ashamed of their company, on one hand, must try to get into a concatenation accordingly, on the other? It is not to be wondered at, that Mr. Pierpont is uneasy. We beg leave to remind him, as indicating the only cure for that uneasiness, of the reply that was made to a proposition from him (identical in nature with his recent one) at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society two years ago. His proposal was to the effect, being interpreted, that he would willingly pay $100 towards any sum which might be requisite to buy off the standing testimony of the American Anti-Slavery Society, against the treachery and swindling of its opposers. This plan of union was then compared to a proposal on the part of the condemned swindler before the judge, that the court should let him off for a pecuniary consideration. Mr. Pierpont seemed conscious at that time, judging from the difficulty which he appeared to find in giving words to his plan in the faces of the Abolitionists of Massachusetts, that they were all united as one, in wishing him a more enlightened moral sense. As felt the Abolitionists of Massachusetts when *that* plan was proposed, so feel the Abolitionists of the American Society towards every one made in the same spirit. Union they love;—benevolence they love;—certainly, to say the least, as truly as Mr. Pierpont can do. But they are not willing to wound either in the way he proposes.

Whoever of the original ranks of true Anti-Slavery, consents to act on one of these "mixed commissions," by which nothing but the pernicious mixture is effected, deserves to find himself under the same necessity that has pressed heavily upon the old organizationists entangled in them heretofore: the necessity, namely, of doing all the work themselves, and footing the bills from the pockets of true men. The Abolitionists would do as well to remember the lessons they have received. The first bill for legal services ever presented to an Anti-Slavery Society, by men of the legal profession calling themselves Abolitionists, was the one that Messrs. Merrill and Ellis, the counsel employed for Latimer, presented to the Latimer Committee, and which was paid mainly from the purses of Old Organizationists; while the rent of great halls was paid from the treasury of the Massachusetts A. S. Society. Why, indeed, *should* New Organization and Third party pay up, upon these occasions? They get all they want of these "mixed commissions" without paying up; and put, as in this instance, the money that others pay, into their own pockets besides.

Not an additional cent is raised by means of these arrangements, for the sufferers, whose benefit, is the pretence for making them; while the ruined characters of prominent third partisans are mantled over with the honesty of the remarkable culls, whose good-feeling in the case is as undoubted as their good sense is questionable.

"But how is this reconcilable with the 'common platform' doctrine?—the union of Jew and Samaritan for the salvation of him who falls among theives?"—exclaims the still more remarkable man, who, by the inquiry, contrives to leave you, *for that time*, in doubt whether he be in reality rook or pigeon—deceiver or deceived? An all-sufficient reply to his query, is to be found in the story of the Italian cripple, whom no one could safely approach even for the purpose of bestowing alms; as he carried a dagger in his sleeve, with which he stabbed the unwary traveller, that he might strip and plunder him at leisure.

The members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its auxilliaries, cannot be supposed to need the information that their executive boards are committees raised by themselves, for the transmission of funds, and the transaction of business, in these individual cases, whenever the convenience of their constituents requires. Thus the benevolent and the needful thing will be done, without the raising of yet another half-way house for the accommodation of opposers of the American Society, under the names of benevolence and freedom. The New Organization and the Third Party are enough to shelter those who will not or dare not be Abolitionists, and yet have need of the name. "Walkerism" and "Latimerism," are needless to any others. It is a prostitution of good men's names,—this misuse of them for an unacknowledged purpose;—one from which all good and wise men must shrink as we ourselves should do, more than from the branding-iron, to see their names applied. It is in our view an act of deep baseness, to endeavor, as it is done by proposals like those on which we have been animadverting, to make a tool of benevolent feeling, in

deeds of our fathers, for their only great act is sullied by their wrong. We cannot claim for ourselves a virtue greater than theirs, for we have progressed only in vice. They forged the chains for a portion of their own people; we have ended in binding those chains faster upon their descendants, and upon ourselves. We are prematurely old in vice, and have had no youth in virtue. We have mimicked too soon the villany of those who have gone before us, and as our youth is like their age, we must be content to be unlike them only in falling earlier.

I do not mean that swift destruction is to overtake us. Nations never fall when they first begin to totter. The people do not seem to know what they have done within this week. They have chaffered in the market-place, and counted cent per cent upon their gains; have been as busy with their daily cares, and slept as sound at night, as if no strange thing had happened. The busy hum of labor has not been stilled upon the work-day, and the drowsy hum from Sunday pulpits has been none the less. Yet the sun has not risen and set upon any three days, since this nation was a nation, so fraught with portentous events. A new era in the nation's life has begun—the era of its destruction. Men still swear by, and laud the glorious Constitution of our Union—a Union that no longer exists. The slender thread that bound the States together, has been severed. Thank God for that! but I had rather it had come of the peoples' virtue than their vice. A seven years' war, the blood and treasure wasted, the long-suffering, the moral darkness, the sin, and devastation which ever follow in the train of war, and an independent national existence of half a century, have only had this poor result of a nation of tyrants, and a nation of slaves. The problem of Freedom which our fathers thought they solved, we have to begin again to work with less hope of speedy success.

Many will not see this. In a few days only they will recover from the stunning blow that has been dealt them, and look to Texas only as a new market for their cotton-goods, and cod-fish. Yet the blow will be remembered, and thousands who have not known, or have not cared for, the giant tyranny whose shadow has been so long creeping over us, will shake themselves free from its chilling influence, and re-echo the cry of "No Union with Slaveholders!" The slaveholders themselves have at length re-echoed it, and sent us back their cry of No Union with Freemen. The doom of the Union is sealed. A few years more and the dissolution will take place in form which has in fact already. It cannot be in the Providence of God, that we are to be a nation of slaves. This seeming triumph of evil is but the beginning of the end. From the ashes of this sacrifice a new life will arise, and from the destruction of the nation as it is, shall arise a nation as it should be. It may be through blood,—it may be, it must, through much toil and tribulation, and patient-waiting, but it will come. Would that it might have come without this ordeal of national depravity, or that the national existence might have been prolonged by the national virtue. But the die is cast. The labor is before us. Disunion is the only choice that is left for those who would be freemen.—G.

The Upton Fair.

The great efficiency of Anti-Slavery Fairs, not only as a mode of raising money, but of exciting and keeping alive an interest in the cause, is every year better understood. The pecuniary result is the very least of the benefits which flow from them. The constant remembrance of the occasion of their disinterested labors which is thus kept alive in the minds of the women engaged in the work, is a blessed efficiency, and their influence is felt far beyond their own peculiar circle. And the Fair itself, by the attention it excites in the town in which it is held, answers as a remembrancer to its inhabitants of the distant and despised objects of its institution, and serves to promote that agitation in the mind of the community, which is destined to be the depurating agent in freeing it from the ignorance, folly, and selfishness, by the combined power of which Slavery is permitted to exist. It is to be hoped that they will increase in number, and excite a wider and wider interest until they are rendered unnecessary by the accomplishment of their object.

It was my good fortune to be present at the beginning of the Fair at Upton, held on the 18th, and the evening of the 19th of February. I arrived on the previous evening, in company with the ladies who had charge of the Boston articles, and received a genuine Anti-Slavery welcome. In the evening, I delivered an address on Slavery, its nature, the guilt of the North, moral, physical, and spiritual, and the remedy. The next day the Fair was opened in the Town Hall. The Hall was beautifully decorated with evergreens and banners, and the tables were abundantly provided with a tempting display of articles, furnished by the Anti-Slavery women of Upton, Uxbridge, Milford, Hopkinton, Northbridge, and perhaps some other towns. The Fair too had its organ in the "Voice of the Fair," published on the first morning, and filled with excellent original articles by many of the ablest pens in the cause. The attendance was good throughout the day, and crowded in the evening. In the afternoon a meeting was held in the church, at which addresses were made by Messrs. Whitney, of Hopedale, Davis, of Milford, and myself. Excellent singing was provided by amateur friends. The success of the occasion surpassed the warmest hopes of the friends employed in getting it up. It was the more gratifying as it was in spite of a strong sectarian and Third Party opposition. The Third Party had held a Fair in the town but a short time before. The travelling also was exceedingly bad, and probably prevented the attendance of many friends from the neighboring towns. The Fair was opened again on the succeeding evening, and the result was about two hundred dollars. A large sum to be obtained in a village, and chiefly from those who take no active interest in the cause.

The friends who went up to help on this occasion, will not soon forget the warm-hearted hospitality with which they were received and treated, and the genuine untiring zeal in the slave's cause, of which they were the witnesses. We hope that the Fair of Upton will become one of its "peculiar institutions," and that it will continue to increase in interest and in prosperity, as it has done ever since it was first attempted, and grow to be more and more an instrumentality of good to the slave, and to his friends, with every successive year.—Q.

Mark the Traitors.

The joint resolution and bill for Annexation, passed the Senate by the following vote:

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Ashley, Atchison, Atherton, Bagby, Benton, Breese, Buchanan, Colquitt, Dickinson, Dix, Fairfield, Hannegan, Heywood, *Henderson*, Huger, *Johnson*, Lewis, McDuffie, *Merrick*, Niles, Semple, Sevier, Sturgeon, Tappan, Walker, Woobury—27.

Nays—Messrs. Archer, Barrow, Bates, Bayard, Berrien, Choate, Clayton, Crittenden, Dayton, Evans, Foster, Francis, Huntington, Jarnagin, Mangum, Miller, Morehead, Pearce, Phelps, Porter, Rives, Simmons, Upham, White, Woodbridge—25.

Of the yeas, 24 were Democrats, who were expected to be true to Texas, and treacherous to their own principles by right of party. Mr. Bagby, of Alabama, made a fool of himself,—which is not at all necessary to being a villain, and was n't required of him—by making a speech *against* Annexation, and voting *for* it. Mr. Dix, of this State, was supposed to be in favor of freedom, by virtue of his Yankee blood, as he is a native of Massachusetts. His relations should insist upon his changing his name, or they change theirs. Mr. Tappan, of Ohio, is a brother of Arthur and Lewis Tappan, and is a professed Abolitionist! Messrs. Henderson, Johnson, and Merrick, are Whigs, and in accordance with the will of the party, should have voted against it. They should all three go and hang themselves, like Judas Iscariot. In the House but one Whig voted for it, and two Democrats against it. Annexed is the Joint Resolution, amended by the addition of Benton's Bill, on motion of Mr. Walker:

JOINT RESOLUTION FOR ANNEXING TEXAS TO THE UNITED STATES.

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That Congress doth consent that the territory properly included within, and rightfully belonging to, the Republic of Texas, may be erected into a new State, to be called the *State of Texas*, with a republican form of Government, to be adopted by the people of said Republic, by deputies in Convention assembled, with the consent of the existing Government, in order that the same may be admitted as one of the States of this Union.

Sec. 2. *And be it further resolved*, That the foregoing consent of Congress is given upon the following conditions, and with the following guaranties, to wit:

First. Said State, to be formed, subject to the adjustment by this Government of all questions of boundary that may arise with other Governments; and the Constitution thereof, with the proper evidence of its adoption by the people of said Republic of Texas, shall be transmitted to the President of the United States, to be laid before Congress for its final action, on or before the first of January, one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

Second. Said State, when admitted into the Union, after ceding to the United States all public edifices, fortifications, barracks, ports and harbors, navy and navy yards, docks, magazines, arms, armaments, and all other property and means pertaining to the public defence, belonging to said Republic of Texas, shall retain all the public funds, debts, taxes, and dues of every kind which may belong to or be due or owing said Republic; and shall also retain all the vacant and unappropriated lands lying within its limits, to be applied to the payment of the debts and liabilities of said Republic of Texas; and the residue of said lands, after discharging said debts and liabilities, to be disposed of as said State may direct; and in no event are said debts and liabilities to become a charge upon the Government of the United States.

Third. New States of convenient size, not exceeding four in number, in addition to said State of Texas, and having sufficient population, may hereafter, by the consent of said State, be formed out of the territory thereof, which shall be entitled to admission under the provisions of the Federal Constitution. And such States as may be formed out of that portion of said territory lying south of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes north latitude, commonly known as the Missouri compromise line, shall be admitted into the Union, with or without slavery, as the people of each State asking admission may desire. And in such State or States as shall be formed out of said territory north of said Missouri compromise line, slavery or involuntarily servitude, (except for crime,) shall be prohibited.

WALKER'S AMENDMENT.

And be it further resolved, That if the President of the United States shall, in his judgment and discretion, deem it most advisable, instead of proceeding to submit the foregoing resolution to the Republic of Texas as an overture on the part of the United States for admission, to negotiate with that Republic, then—

Be it Resolved, That a State, to be formed out of the present Republic of Texas, with suitable extent and boundaries, and with two Representatives in Congress, until the next apportionment of representation, shall be admitted into the Union, by virtue of this act, on an equal footing with the existing States, as soon as the terms and conditions of such admission, and the cession of the remaining Texan territory to the United States, shall be agreed upon by the Governments of Texas and the United States.

And be it further enacted, That the sum of one hundred thousand dollars be, and the same is hereby appropriated to defray the expenses of missions and negotiations, to agree upon the terms of said admission and cession, either by treaty, to be submitted to the Senate, or by articles, to be submitted to the two Houses of Congress, as the President may direct.

Postage Reform.

The present session of Congress has done one good thing in passing the Postage Reduction Bill. It was amended in the House so as to increase the charge on all letters carried over 300 miles to ten cents, for half an ounce, and to go into operation on the first of July next. Letters for all other distances, will be charged five cents only. Even this poor boon the South was unwilling to grant us. But the Northerners were true to their pockets, and passed the bill. The slaveholders will learn, by and bye, not to be too exacting. We will grant them anything in reason—principles—conscience—morality—or liberty; but we "go our death" on the dollar. A reduction of postage is of far more consequence than the reduction of Slavery. They may have Texas—for a consideration. But ask us to give up our Postage Bill!

"Grey Plymouth rock hath yet a tongue!"

Charles C. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, and ten men from the West, gave the only votes that were given against the bill from the free States. A majority of the Maryland and Kentucky delegations supported it, and from the other slave States there were but two votes in its favor. Our liberties are preserved.

Yet we should be thankful for this favor. The smallest should be gratefully received.

Work! Work!

Now that Texas is added to the Union, many of our friends who have been heretofore doubtful of the wisdom of our position, will doubt no longer. Many who have not heretofore been reckoned as among our friends, will be ready now to make their choice between freedom and slavery, and will learn at length that they cannot exist together. Now, then, is our time to work. The ears of the people are open as they have never been before. Let them not listen in vain. Disunion will not come of itself, nor will it come immediately. We must both work and wait. Let none then be found idle. Let none be found so supine nor so foolish as to say, I can do nothing. There is work for all of us. Circulate our papers,—circulate our tracts. Disunion and Comeouterism, The Madison Papers, Edward Davis' penny tracts, all new and valuable pamphlets, recently published, should be in the hands of all calling themselves Abolitionists, and scattered with a lavish hand among those who are not. The Liberator, the old pioneer sheet—the Herald of Freedom, dealing its blows as thickly, and effectually as ever it did—the Pennsylvania Freeman, with its mild but truthful and uncompromising spirit—and the Standard, such as it is, should all receive a wider circulation. Your neighbors, friends, will take an Anti-Slavery paper now, if you will ask them. The hearts of a portion of the people will be softened towards us. Let them not sink back into apathy or dislike. Conventions should be called at once by all the town and county Societies, and where these do not exist, call meetings to form them. Remember, that the United States have extended slavery this week over a country equal to seven of New-York or Pennsylvania, *nine* of Ohio, and *forty-three* of Massachusetts. The nation has done what she could to perpetuate human bondage in the Northern slave States, where it must have soon perished for the want of sustenance. Remember these things. Remember how dreadful a curse has fallen on the slave this week. Work, then! work! Let none be idle. Think of the Union as a sin against the most High God, to be repented of and abandoned as in the fear of a judgment.

Kentucky.

In to-day's paper we publish the bold letter of the noble Cassius M. Clay. In another column will be found also the Prospectus of The True American. Subjoined are the remarks of the Lexington Observer and Louisville Journal upon the latter. The Observer, if I am not mistaken, is a religious paper. The Journal is a political sheet, and something of a "publican and sinner." Which will enter the Kingdom of Heaven first?

From the Lexington Observer.

Our readers will find in our columns a Prospectus of a new paper to be started shortly in this city—under the superintendence of gentlemen, the chief of whom we take to be the gentleman whose name is signed to the Prospectus.

We do not pretend to question the clear constitutional right of Mr. C. M. Clay and his associates to establish a press devoted to this or any other purpose, connected with the moral, religious, and political condition of the country. But when Mr. Clay lays down as a postulate that "*the time has come* when a large and respectable party, if not a majority of the people, are prepared to take this subject up," we incline to think that he will find upon making the experiment that he reckons without his host.

In our judgment, Mr. Clay has taken the very worst time that he could to begin the agitation of this great and delicate subject, even for the accomplishment of his object; since it is an admitted truth that the fanatical crusade which has been waged by Northern Abolitionists against the institution of Slavery, which never, in any degree, concerned them, has produced a state of feeling in the minds of slaveholders anything but propitious to the slave or his liberation.

It is the opinion of many, that but for this wicked sect which has sprung up in the North, Kentucky would ere now have been a non-slaveholding State. In that opinion we cannot say that we concur; but every man of observation knows that the course of these fanatics has been to produce a deep feeling of indignation in the minds of slaveholders against the impudent sect, and a stern determination to yield nothing so long as they are insulted and menaced by these lawless and unconstitutional proceedings.

It is at this very time, when the spirit of resentment rages with deep intensity, that Mr. Clay comes forward with his proposal to provide for the gradual and constitutional emancipation of slaves in Kentucky. We do not believe that the country is at all with him on the question, and hence we deprecate its agitation now as we did in 1840 and '41, when it was made to cut so conspicuous a figure in the local politics of the county of Fayette, growing out of the celebrated act of 1833 to prevent the importation of any more slaves into the State.

We make these remarks not to discourage Mr. Clay, for we know very well that his ardent and enthusiastic temperament never sees an obstacle in the way, and we do not know any one whom under other circumstances we should welcome to the Editorial Corps with more cordiality than Mr. Clay, but we apprise him, in advance, that, from our observation and reflection, he is embarked in a very hopeless undertaking.

From the Louisville Journal.

Cassius M. Clay.—Our readers will find in our columns to-day the Prospectus of a new weekly paper to be published in Lexington, by Cassius M. Clay, to be called "The True American." The paper is to be "devoted to gradual and constitutional emancipation." There are many of the wisest, best, and most patriotic men in the State who regard Slavery as a monstrous evil, and think that Kentucky can never attain that high and desirable prosperity for which nature destined her, so long as Slavery exist within her limits. The "True American" will, as we understand its object, reflect the opinions of this very large and respectable class of our citizens. That it will be most ably conducted we have no doubt, for, independent of the gifted and heroic editor, it will be contributed to by many of the most eminent citizens of the Commonwealth. To all those who wish to subscribe for such a paper, we recommend "The True American," as it will undoubtedly be all that they can desire such a journal to be.

Prospect of War.

General Almonte, it is said, will demand his passports so soon as the President has given his assent to the Annexation iniquity. It may be that the internal troubles at home may prevent Mexico from involving herself in a foreign war, but if she may count on the assistance of Great Britain, as very likely she may, such an event is by no means improbable. She has little to lose, and much to gain by a conflict with the United States. Her foreign trade is small, while our ships whiten the seas. By issuing *lettres de marque*, she may call to her aid the rapacity of the renegadoes of all nations, to "feed fat" upon the millions of floating capital of our merchants. Many of our own countrymen doubtless would gladly avail themselves of this royal road to wealth. England has a large and troublesome surplus population which she would be glad to have killed off, and which is ready to run the risk of the killing for a shilling a day, and the glory. She would not be averse, therefore, to such a war. A portion of our own people, too, are ripe for it. Is the North, as a whole, ready for this in support of Slavery? Will not the words of Thomas Jefferson be remembered, "that the Almighty has no attribute which would take sides with us in such a contest"—if he has any that would "take sides" in any human butchery? I hope all these fears are without foundation, but that a stormy future awaits us, we cannot doubt.

President Polk's Inaugural Address.

The Message was received in this city on Tuesday evening, but too late for me to do much more than simply announce the fact in to-day's paper. It has one merit, that of not being very long, which will insure its appearance in our columns next week.

The address will probably give great satisfaction to the Democratic party, as it asserverates, of course, some of their most popular doctrines—mere catch-words which mean nothing. Free-trade, however, he abandons, as most of the party have, and advocates a Tariff for revenue, with incidental protection. So on this point the two parties need not quarrel. The message would n't be an American State paper if there was n't a deal of twaddling cant in relation to our free institutions, scattered all through it, which is only not hypocerisy, because the writers know that it is all an unmitigated lie. Mr. Polk is behind none of his predecessors in American self-sufficiency and pretended virtue in this regard. From the way, however, in which he enumerates the glories and advantages of this Union, and anathematises all who would disturb its harmony, he would seem to show an apprehension that there are some people so ignorant of the blessed character of our institutions, as to wish to destroy them. All this is aimed at the Abolitionists. He says:

It is a source of deep regret that, in some sections of our country, misguided persons have occasionally indulged in schemes and agitations, whose object is the destruction of domestic institutions existing in other sections—institutions which existed at the adoption of the Constitution, and were recognized and protected by it. All must see that if it were possible for them to be successful in attaining their object, the dissolution of the Union, and the consequent destruction of our happy form of Government, must speedily follow.

The country is congratulated on the acquisition of Texas. "Is there one among our citizens," he asks, "who would not prefer perpetual peace with Texas, to occasional wars, which so often occur between bordering independent nations?" As if the likelihood of such border war was not greater by making a free country the neighbor of our slave boundary—or as if the end of Texas was the end of all creation. We are not responsible, he adds, for any of the, "local institutions" of Texas, and the same reason that would prevent our forming a union with her on their account, would have prevented our fathers forming the present Union! True enough—and the North will some day learn to repudiate both as a "covenant with hell." Of course we are to push the area of freedom still further, and of course Mr. Polk claims Oregon as ours. But I have no room for any further remark this week, and indeed the press waits for these. From this much our readers will have some idea of the character of the Address.

Delia Webster Pardoned.

In consequence of many petitions from persons of all parties in Kentucky, Governor Ousley has pardoned Delia Webster. She is reported to be on her way home, with her father, and promises to give, on her arrival there, an exposition of her views in relation to abolition. She still avows herself a Colonizationist, and deprecates any agitation upon the subject of Slavery in the Northern States. She needs to explain herself, as her own course seems very reprehensible when contrasted with her avowed opinions. To pretend to be the friend of Slavery, and yet to be covertly rendering assistance to fugitives, is the form of anti-slavery least defensible. However, I rejoice that she is pardoned.

The Travelling President of a Republic.

Either the sovereign people of this country are great rogues, or their chosen President something that deserves as harsh a name. Mr. Polk, in his late triumphant journey to Washington, did n't visit Columbus, the capital of Ohio, and the State Journal gives a reason which reflects on the honesty of the people or the President. He was afraid that certain family slaves he had with him would be abducted. Now, if this property is his, then the people of Ohio contemplated a larceny. If it is not his, then the people had a perfect right to restore to the rightful owners what he was unjustly holding from them. The conclusion is, that somebody is a thief.

Partisan Fairness.

I cut the following paragraph from the Morning News, as a remarkable instance of the candor and fairness of a political partisan. It is a pity there is not more of this spirit among politicians:

J. P. Hale.—There was a meeting held at Exeter, New Hampshire, on the 22d ultimo, of the friends of Mr. Hale. The call had been signed by nearly three hundred respectable persons, and the size and spirit of the meeting indicated that this independent gentleman is by no means so utterly cast off from his party, as some of the papers would have us believe. That he has done great harm to the glorious cause of Annexation, there is no doubt. That he ought to be stricken from the list of candidates is perhaps also true. But it is not fair to treat a man whose only crime was an honest independence, with the contumely that has been exhibited on this occasion. He ought to be defeated; he will be defeated; and yet if we were New Hampshire Democrats, in aiding to defeat his election, we should at the same time, do it with a profound respect for the man.

Slave-Trade in Cuba.

The Captain-General of Cuba has issued a proclamation, declaring that all vessels arriving at that Island with slaves on board, shall be confiscated. This is by no means the end of the Slave-Trade there, as many of the papers call it. Where the demand is so great, and the profit so large, something more than proclamations is needed to destroy the trade. Indeed, it is not improbable that the proclamation was only made to satisfy England, and not intended to be carried into effect. Slave-traders and slaveholders have very enlarged notions of morality. They can make a lie the truth with very little difficulty.

A Decision Reversed.

The slave recently given up by the decision of a Southern Court in Cincinnati, to the man claiming to be his master, has taken the case into his own hands—or rather feet—and reversed the decision. When near Portsmouth, Ohio, on their way to Virginia, while the master was asleep, the man ran away. Five hundred dollars reward is offered for his recapture. He will probably not be retaken, as the depots of the underground Railroad are very many along the banks of the Ohio river.

Important Decision.

The Supreme Court of Illinois has recently decided that all children born of Free slaves in that state since the ordinance of 1798, are *free*. The opinion was delivered by Judge Young. The Bench, however, was divided, seven being in favor, and two against the decision.

This will probably terminate nearly all the Slavery in that State, where it has existed since she came into the Union, under a sort of apprenticeship system. It is confined chiefly, if not entirely, to that portion of country on the Kaskaskia river, near the town of Kaskaskia, an old French settlement.

Mr. Leavitt and Mr. Pierpont.

☞ Our readers will see by the leading editorial in this day's Standard, that the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society are considered by their constituents a suitable committee for the transmission of their funds to suffering Abolitionists, without any *further* assistance of Mr. Leavitt: of whose untrustworthiness in regard to their property, they have such severe proof—as Mr. Pierpont may well recollect.

The Broadway Journal.

This is a weekly newspaper differing from any hebdomadal ever before issued in this country. It is devoted to criticisms upon the latest publications upon authors, and upon art, with occasional articles upon general literature from some of the best writers in the country. Its fresh and vigorous tone, and its perfect freedom from all cant, while it possesses in a large share the spirit of humanity, makes it the most attractive periodical upon our table. It is worth the whole issue of the Monthlies of the lighter sort.

Mr. Hubbard.—The annexed paragraph, is taken from the New Orleans Courier of the 21st ultimo. The man might at least have told the truth, or at any rate have been ingenious enough in his false statements to have told a story that would have redounded more to his own credit. The world will pardon a knave sooner than it will a fool.

"We are requested by General Downs and Recorder Genois to say that the statement of Mr. Hubbard, in his report to the Governor of Massachusetts, that 'one of them, and a leading man (General Downs,) with an oath declared he would go and lynch you,' is not true—no such words having been used by General Downs or reported by Mr. Genois, and that Hubbard's statements are incorrect in some other respects."

"The Glorious Union."—Will the Liberty Party men of this State endorse the following language? "The Union,—The glorious Union. Slavery in or Slavery out; Texas in or Texas out; our glorious Union *forever*." These were the words of their candidate for Governor, Alvan Stewart, at a recent Convention in Philadelphia. What do you say, friends? is this your Anti-Slavery?

Jamaica.—Dates have been received since our last, to February 9th. There is no news of importance.

The Kingston Journal says:

The decision of her Majesty's Government respecting the British subjects now held in slavery in Cuba, has excited very general surprise here.

Because these unfortunate people were stolen from these colonies before the abolition of Slavery, although the stealing them was an illegal act, we are told no demand can be made for their freedom.

This indeed is considering these men and women as mere chattels, and not as subjects of the realms, entitled to protection. Assuredly this decision will not be permitted to be final.

The New Cabinet.—The editor of the Morning News, writing from Washington, says that the composition of the new cabinet will not be known till Mr. Polk sends in the names to the Senate. Rumor, however, has given the following names, and it is very likely correct:

James Buchanan, of Pa. *Secretary of State*;
George Bancroft, of Mass. *Secretary of the Treasury*;
William O. Butler, of Ky. *Secretary of War*;
John Y. Mason, of Va. *Secretary of the Navy*;
R. M. Saunders, of N. C. *Postmaster General*;
Robert J. Walker, of Miss. *Attorney General*.

The usual proportion between the slave and free States is carefully preserved—four slaveholders to two Northern slaves.

England and Texas.—A correspondent of the Mobile Register, writing from Galveston, says:

"The Texan Minister to England (Ashbel Smith) has returned since the Texas Congress adjourned, and I have reason to believe, from what I consider reliable authority, that he bears a general pledge from the British Government, for the independence of Texas against Mexico, without any condition relating to Slavery, commercial advantages, or any other stipulation than the rejection of union with the United States."

Colorphobia.—A wanton attack was made on the colored people of St. Mary's parish, Philadelphia, a few days since, in which men, women, and children, were indiscriminately made the sufferers. When not fighting among themselves these ruffians turn upon the blacks, "to keep their hand in." They are fair game for political or social maltreatment the country over.

Rumor Contradicted.—It is said that Mr. Packenham, the British Minister, has declared positively that the story that certain papers were found upon Santa Anna, implicating the British Government in an attempt to possess itself of California by negotiation, is false. The story, however, no doubt answered its purpose in its effect upon the question of Annexation; a proper degree of indignation was shown at the supposed conduct of "perfidious Albion." The United States claims a monopoly of pretending to virtue, and perpetrating villainy.

Another Prisoner.—A female named Susan Yates, was arrested in St. Louis, Missouri, on the 16th ultimo, and committed to jail on the charge of aiding slaves to escape. This makes the ninth.

Memento Mori.—A part of the real estate of "The Father of his country" has recently escheated to the original owner. An old neero chattel, appertaining to General Washington during his lifetime, was recently put by, being of no farther use. It is said to have existed nearly a century. The name of the thing was Samuel Anderson.

Foreign Interference.—A slave was found on board an English vessel, in the port of Savannah, a few days since, where he had been secreted by the captain or some of the crew. The ship had started on her homeward voyage, but was unfortunately detained five miles below the city, long enough for the absence of the slave to be discovered, and the ship to be overtaken.

Youth's Monthly Visitor.—This is an excellent little periodical, designed for children. It is published at Cincinnati, and edited by Mrs. Bailey, the wife of the editor of the Philanthropist, with great good taste and judgment. I can cheerfully recommend it to the children of Abolitionists for its strong anti-slavery tone. It is offered at the low price of twenty-five cents per annum.

From our Washington Correspondent.

Washington City, Feb. 28, 1845.

The deed is done. Last night will long be remembered by the American people, as the night on which their hopes in the integrity of the Senate and the patriotism of Congress were laid low. Three Whig Senators declared they were slaveholders, one a cotton planter, (to use his own remarks,) and they would not prove traitors to the South. Would that they had not proved traitors to the Constitution, and to liberty.

At a late hour last night an amendment was offered by Mr. Walker, of Mississippi, which secured the passage of the bill by bringing in two or three refractory Democrats, who said the joint resolutions would be a violation of the treaty-making power, and if some other, or any other mode could be devised, they would vote for it. The amendment, though it drove off Foster, of Tennessee, a Whig, could not scare the other three, and secured the support of every Democrat to the measure. The amendment in reality provides two modes instead of one. The President if *he* does not think proper to act by these resolutions, may act by Commissioners in the usual manner of a treaty, and the sum of one hundred thousand dollars is in the amendment, provided for the payment of such Commissioners. If he acts on the joint resolution, though it has passed by the aid of this amendment, which amendment is only another form of Annexation, he acts against the will of the *majority* of the Senate. The vote on the adoption of the amendment and on the final passage of the amended resolution was the same in substance and number. Three of the yeas are Whigs. All the nays are Whigs.

Yeas.—Messrs. Allen, Ashley, Atchison, Atherton, Bagby, Benton, Breese, Buchanan, Colquitt, Dickinson, Dix, Fairfield, Hannegan, Haywood, *Henderson*, Huger, *Johnson*, Lewis, McDuffie, *Merrick*, Niles, Semple, Sevier, Sturgeon, Tappan, Walker, Woodbury.—27.

Nays.—Messrs. Archer, Barrow, Bates, Bayard, Berrien, Choate, Clayton, Crittenden, Dayton, Evans, Foster, Francis, Huntington, Jarnagin, Mangum, Miller, Morehead, Pearce, Phelps, Porter, Rives, Simmons, Upham, White, Woodbridge.—25.

If one of the ayes had voted nay it would have been lost by a tie, as there is no casting vote now in the Senate.

I never in my life witnessed so crowded a place as the gallery of the Senate on that occasion. The greatest decorum, and the most breathless silence were observed during the closing scene.

The House will, if it can be gotten up there in the two days of the session yet to come, pass the bill by nearly a strict party vote; at least this is my impression. We will know soon.

The postage bill has passed the House in an amended form. They raised the price from five cents uniform, to five cents for all under three hundred miles, and ten cents for all over. Newspapers can circulate any distance not exceeding thirty miles, free, provided they have not the sirname "Mammoth." O. I. C. U.

P. S.—At night.—The Texas bill, as amended by the Senate, has passed the House by 132 to 76.

NOTICES.

NOTICE.

Abby Kelley, B. S. Jones, Dr. Hudson, and Jane E. Hitchcock, after finishing their present appointments in Montgomery county, will commence another tour into the interior of the State. Meetings, therefore, are notified for the following places. The friends in these places who post the notices, must be careful not to give the impression that Miss Kelley will attend and speak at all the meetings. Two, three, or the whole of the company will attend, just as circumstances may seem to make advisable.

Marshalton,	Chester County,	March	7th.
Romansville	"	"	9th.
Embreville,	"	"	"
Unionville,	"	"	11th.
Chatham Square,	"	"	13th.
West Grove,	"	"	15th.
East Nottingham,	"	"	17th.
Rising Sun,	Md.	"	19th.

Then on, as will be notified in the next Freeman, through Drumore, Shasburg, Lampeter, Lancaster, Middletown, to Harrisburg. Then, perhaps, to York and Adams Counties. Returning, they will probably visit Waynesburg, Cambridge, and other places along that region, which heretofore have been without the benefit of Anti-Slavery lectures.

A stated meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, will be held at Sarah Douglass' schoolroom, (Seventh below Arch street,) on Thursday, the 13th instant, at half past three o'clock P. M.

PHEBE EARLE, *Sec'y*.

PROSPECTUS OF "THE TRUE AMERICAN."

A NUMBER of Kentuckians, slaveholders and others, propose to publish in the *City of Lexington*, a paper devoted to gradual and constitutional emancipation, so as at some definite time to place our State upon the firm, safe, and just basis of liberty. The time has come when a large and respectable party, if not a majority of the people are prepared to take this subject up, and act so as to secure, the end proposed, without injustice to any, but with eminent benefit to all. A press is only necessary to give concentrated effort, and final success by free conference of opinion and untrammelled discussion.

We propose to act as a *State party*, not to unite with any party, State or National; expecting aid and encouragement from the lovers of liberty of all parties, we shall treat them with studied courtesy and forbearance, so far as it may be consistent with the integrity of the principles which govern us.

It is not proposed that our members should cut loose from their old party associations. The press under our control will appeal *temperately but firmly* to the interests and the reason, not to the passions, of our people: we shall take care rigidly to respect the legal rights of others, because we intend to *maintain our own*. We shall attempt to sustain in good faith the "*freedom of the press*" Whilst our organ will conscientiously vindicate and uphold the Christian morality in ethics, and constitutional republicanism in politics, its columns shall be open to all sects in all things concerning human action: believing with Jefferson, that there is no error so dangerous but that it may be left safely to the combat of reason, we utterly repudiate that false philosophy and time-serving expediency which caters to the tyranny of opinion, by excluding from the press whatever does not suit the fastidious tastes of "patrons"—our readers shall not be our masters; if they love not truth, they may go elsewhere. The times call for language plain, bold and true,—our cause is good,—our press shall be *independent*, or cease to exist,—designed to accomplish great purposes, to vindicate principles of interest to all mankind, it shall subserve the elevation of no man, disdain personal denunciation, and share the glory of its triumphs among all its supporters. A native born Kentuckian has engaged to edit "*The True American*," and as his opinions and feelings are expressed in the above outline of party action, he will be untrammeled in his independence, so long as he is faithful to the principles of his adoption.

"The True American" will be published weekly, in the city of Lexington, Kentucky; and it is proposed to make it embrace all the matter common in newspapers; especially will it regard the high place which labor holds in the economy of nature, and insist upon its enjoyment of a fair distribution of the products of capital. The size and appearance of the paper shall be as studiedly becoming and tasteful as its means will allow.

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To any person or club taking five copies, Ten Dollars.

Numbers sent to persons not having once paid, to be regarded as gratuitous.

Advertisements according to current rates.

Bank notes of par value received from all parts of the Union, but Kentucky paper will be preferred. Letters to be directed to the undersigned, *post paid* in all cases.

The first number will be issued about the first of June, and all subscribers are desired to send in their names by the first of May next. C. M. CLAY.

On behalf of himself and others.

Lexington, Feb. 9, 1845.

☞ Wm. C. Bell, Esq. is our sole agent for this paper north of "Mason and Dixon's line."

CONVENTIONS IN WESTERN NEW-YORK.

Mass Conventions will be held in the following places in Western New-York, and will be attended by J. B. Sanderson, and G. B. Stebbins, of Massachusetts, and W. W. Brown, and J. W. Hurn, of this State. At

Port Byron,	"	" March	5th and 6th.
Seneca Falls,	"	"	12th and 13th.
Northville, Cayuga County,		"	19th and 20th.

The above named individuals will attend and hold meetings in different places in the county where mass meetings are to be held, and the friends in the county will please make arrangements for the meetings in their different localities. *Friends of the slave*, arouse!! Let Western New-York be redeemed! For the last year but little has been accomplished. Let it be made up by renewd effort the year to come! Send in your contributions to aid the Society in carrying on the great work we have undertaken, for whithout *money* our movements will of necessity be embarrassed. We need your help. Will each contribute their mite to sustain and carry forward the good cause. Eloquent and able advocates are in the field, and must be sustained.

Those who wish to contribute will have their contributions duly acknowledged through the Standard, by sending them to Henry Bush, Treasurer, Rochester, or to

E. W. CAPRON,
Gen'l. Agt. of Western N. Y. A. S. Soc.

PETITIONS,—PETITIONS! RHODE ISLAND.

It has been thought best by the Executive Committee of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society to issue the following forms of petition for signature.

The attention of friends throughout the State is called to this matter, especially as the time is short—and whatever we do, must be done quickly. Our Legislature meets in January, (the present month.) The Congress petitions must be forwarded before the 4th of March.

Forms can be had on application at the Anti-Slavery Office, corner of Broad and Dorance street, Providence. Will the friends take the subject at once in hand, and see to it that this matter has an extensive circulation?

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Rhode Island.

The undersigned, inhabitants of the State of Rhode Island, in view of the great and alarming danger of the Annexation of Texas to the United States, respectfully ask that you will,

1st. Declare that the admission of any Foreign Territory into the United States, against the will of any one of the original partners to the Federal Compact, is, in itself, a dissolution of the Union, and that the people of Rhode Island will be absolved thereby from all allegiance to the General Government.

2d. That you will request our Senators and Representatives in Congress, to withdraw from that body, and return to their constituents immediately, on the consummation of any project for the Annexation of Texas to this Union.

3d. That you will empower and request the Government of this State to call a Convention of the people, as soon as such Annexation may be accomplished, in order to consider their relations towards the rest of the Union, and the steps which it may consequently devolve on them to take.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Rhode Island.

The undersigned, inhabitants of the State of Rhode Island, respectfully solicit the General Assembly—

1st. To authorize the Governor, by an agent, or otherwise, to inquire into the circumstances and condition of certain citizens of Rhode Island, who may have been, are, or shall be imprisoned and enslaved, in any slaveholding State of this Union, on account of color. Also to guarantee to any such citizen or citizens a proper defence both before the State Courts, and the Supreme Court of the United States.

2d. To pass a law defining and declaring the rights of the people of this State in the use of the means of conveyance furnished by the Railroad Corporations therein, in order that the officers of said Companies may no longer claim the right of insulting or assaulting any of their passengers on the sole ground of a difference of color.

3d. To repeal all laws of this State making any distinction among citizens on account of color.

THE BRANDED HAND.

The late frequent aggressions of the South on Northern Liberty, demands loudly from the friends of freedom in the North, a united and powerful expression of their entire sympathy with the Anti-Slavery prisoners; their unqualified approval of their course; and their deep abhorrence of the tyranny which confines them in Southern dungeons. As one means of expressing that sentiment, it is proposed to publish a paper, to be devoted to the cause of these noble Anti-Slavery martyrs.

Its title and motto will be—THE BRANDED HAND! It will be published once a month, at fifty cents a year, payable on delivery of the first number. It will know no particular sect in religion or organization in Slavery. All, therefore, who love truth and liberty, are invited to aid us. All profits beyond costs of publishing, to be given to the prisoners. All communications relative to the paper to be left at the *Anti-Slavery Office, Providence*.

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.		**IRON.**	
Pot, first sort 1844.	3.75 a 3.93¾	Pig, Eng. & Sc. ton	32.50 a 35.00
Pearl	4.12½ a 4.18¾	do. American	a 33.50
CANDLES.		Bar do. rolled

Poetry.

DIED.—At Rochester, on the 20th of 1st month, (January,) last, of scarlet fever, MATILDA, daughter of Isaac and Amy Post, of that city, aged four years and eleven months.

THOUGHTS AT THE FUNERAL OF A CHILD.

Gathered at the house of mourning,
We have come, to bear away
To the tomb the one who perished
In her childhood's little day.

Ere Time's frost-work fell upon it,
Ere the fires of youth were dim,
Ere earth's mildew-blight was on it,
Flew her spirit back to Him.

Him who gave it in His kindness,
As a flower to bloom awhile
'Mid the desert where ye wander,
And beside your path to smile.

Loving ye, the boon was tendered,
Loving it, He calls again
His beloved, ere sin hath gendered
On so holy thing a stain.

Now, while silence reigns around us,
Noiseless as a snow-flake's fall,
Comes a Heaven-descended presence
To the little sleeper's pall:

Spreading o'er the marbled features
(Rendered thus divinely fair,)
Such a smile as might be wakened,
If an Angel slumbered there!

Saying, in a holier language
Than an uttered word may tell,
"With the little child that sleepeth
It is well! It is well!"

Not for such, thus lain in beauty,
Sinless upon nature's breast—
While the *all* that made it lovely
Speeds unprisoned to its rest.

Should we mourn, with grief untemper'd,
By the promise left by Him,
Who hath told us that in Heaven,
The child shall be His Seraphim.

But when He of Bethlehem wandered—
Love His mission—souls to save,
Once he stood, with tearful vision,
At a stricken mortal's grave.*

And His eye, who watcheth ever
Those whom love unchanged endears,
Looks not from His throne of mercy
Unkindly on a Mother's tears.

God will chide us not for loving
Aught that His impress doth bear;
Though the form we love be human—
Such as once HE *stooped to wear*—

If the mould but bears within it
Traces He will not disown,
And our love may draw our spirits
Nearer to His heavenly throne.

Yes, while nature's ties are sundered,
And thy youngest born doth sleep
In death's cold, unwaking slumber,
Thou, a stricken one, may'st weep.

Weep:—a Mother's brow is burning:
Weep:—a Mother's heart is wrung:
Weep:—the accents of *thy teaching*
Live no longer on its tongue.

Weep: but not for the departed!
She—whose little mission done—
Hath put off the dust that cumbered,
And the coarts of glory won.

Weep; but in thy sorrow mingle
Such true joy as Faith can give,
When, a messenger from God, it cometh,
Telling us the dead doth live.

Keep this lovely ministrant beside thee;
Let thy soul its mantle wear;
And, though human strength be weakness,
Thou can'st suffer, thou can'st bear.

Bow, in meek submission, ever,
To the Heavenly Father's will;
And the storm that sweeps thy spirit
At His mandate shall be "still."

'Tis with wisdom, when He judgeth,
'Tis in mercy, when He calls.
'Tis His love that freights the blessing
Or the scourge that on us falls.

R.

* Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus.

From the New-York Tribune.

THE MIGHT OF WORDS.

What to man his greatness giveth
O'er the creeping things and birds,
But the soul that in him liveth,
And the glory of his words?

With the gift of life were given,
For his utterance true and loud,
Something of the fire of heaven,
And the thunder of the cloud.

In his voice were blent the rushing
Of the storm-winds o'er the seas,
With the fountain's peaceful gushing,
And the music of the breeze:

And the murmur of the breaking
Of the billows on the shore,
With the whirlwind's harsh awaking
In the forest dark and hoar.

Words are weapons, better, truer,
Sharper than the battle-sword!
Strong against the evil-doer,
With the server of the Lord!

By the words of truth and terror
Are the works of wrong revealed:
So the old and cherished error
To the Weak and True shall yield.

Words have shaken the foundations
Of old empires wide and strong,
And cast down the Kings of nations
From the thrones of pride and wrong.

Earnest words for Freedom spoken,
Make the blind and bondman brave;
And the might of words hath broken
E'en the fetters of the slave!

Words have filled the golden pages
Of the poet's deathless rhyme,
Which, like iron, hath linked the ages
Of the world from time to time.

Words have kept in thrilling story
All the wonderful and true,
And have garnered up the glory
Of the Old World for the New.

Words are messengers between us,
With all truth and greatness fraught:
So the wisdom born within us
Cometh, hurrying from thought.

If the tongue were dumb forever,
Silence were not proud and strong,
Love were like a buried river,—
So were Eloquence and Song.

Oh! but sweeter were the story,
If men cast away the sword,
And forget the evil glory
That the tongues of men accord

Miscellany.

THE CHIMES!

A Goblin Story of some Bells that Rang an Old Year Out, and a New Year In.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

THE THIRD QUARTER.

(Continued.)

As they gave the answer, they recalled their outstretched hands; and where their figures had been, there the Bells were.

And they rung: their time being come again. And once again, vast multitudes of phantoms sprung into existence; once again, were incoherently engaged, as they had been before; once again, faded on the stopping of the Chimes; and dwindled into nothing.

"What are these?" he asked his guide. "If I am not mad, what are these?"

"Spirits of the Bells. Their sound upon the air," returned the child. "They take such shapes and occupations as the hopes and thoughts of mortals, and the recollections they have stored up, give them."

"And you," said Trotty, wildly. "What are you?"

"Hush, hush!" returned the child. Look here!"

In a poor, mean room, working at the same kind of embroidery which he had often, often, seen before her, Meg, his own dear daughter, was presented to his view. He made no effort to imprint his kisses on her face; he did not strive to clasp her to his loving heart; he knew that such endearments were for him no more. But he held his trembling breath; and brushed away the blinding tears, that he might look upon her; that he might only see her.

Ah! Changed. Changed. The light of the clear eye, how dimmed. The bloom, how faded from the cheek. Beautiful she was, as she had ever been, but Hope, Hope, Hope, oh where was the fresh Hope that had spoken to him like a voice!

She looked up from her work, at a companion. Following her eyes, the old man started back.

In the woman grown, he recognized her at a glance. In the long silken hair, he saw the self-same curls; around the lips, the child's expression lingering still. See! In the eyes, now turned inquiringly on Meg, there shone the very look that scanned those features when he brought her home!

Then what was this beside him?

Looking with awe into its face, he saw a something reigning there: a lofty something, undefined and indistinct, which made it hardly more than a remembrance of that child—as yonder figure might be—yet it was the same; the same; and wore the same dress

Hark. They are speaking!

"Meg," said Lilian, hesitating. "How often you raise your head from your work to look at me!"

"Are my looks so altered, that they frighten you?" asked Meg.

"Nay, dear! But you smile at that yourself! Why not smile, when you look at me, Meg?"

"I do so. Do I not?" she answered; smiling on her.

"Now you do," said Lilian, "but not usually. When you think I'm busy, and don't see, you look so anxious and so doubtful, that I hardly like to raise my eyes. There is little cause for smiling in this hard and toilsome life, but you were once so cheerful."

"Am I not now!" cried Meg, speaking in a tone of strange alarm, and rising to embrace her. "Do *I* make our weary life more weary to you, Lilian?"

"You have been the only thing that made it life," said Lilian, fervently kissing her; "sometimes the only thing that made me care to live so, Meg. Such work, such work! So many hours, so many days, so many long, long nights of hopeless, cheerless, never-ending work—not to heap up riches, not to live grandly or gayly, not to live upon enough, however coarse; but to earn bare bread; to scrape together just enough to toil upon, and want upon, and keep alive in us the consciousness of our hard fate! Oh, Meg, Meg!" she raised her voice and twined her arms about her as she spoke, like one in pain. "How can the cruel world go round and bear to look upon such lives!"

"Lilly!" said Meg, soothing her, and putting back her hair from her wet face. "Why! Lilly! You! So pretty and so young?"

"Oh Meg!" she interrupted, holding her at arm's-length, and looking in her face imploringly. "The worst of all, the worst of all! Strike me old, Meg! Wither me and shrivel me, and free me from the dreadful thoughts that tempt me in my youth!"

Trotty turned to look upon his guide. But the Spirit of the child had taken flight. Was gone.

Neither did he himself remain in the same place; for Sir Joseph Bowley, Friend and Father of the Poor, held a great festivity at Bowley Hall, in honor of the natal day of Lady Bowley; and as Lady Bowley had been born on New Year's day, (which the local newspapers considered as an especial pointing of the finger of Providence to number One, as Lady Bowley's destined figure in Creation,) it was on New Year's day that this festivity took place.

Bowley Hall was full of visitors. The red-faced gentleman was there, Mr. Filer was there, the great Alderman Cute was there—Alderman Cute had a sympathetic feeling with great people, and had considerably improved his acquaintance with Sir Joseph Bowley, on the strength of his attentive letter: indeed, had become quite a friend of the family since then—and many guests were there, wandering about, poor phantom, drearily; and looking for its guide.

There was to be a great dinner in the Great Hall. At which Sir Joseph Bowley, in his celebrated character of Friend and Father of the Poor, was to make his great speech. Certain plum puddings were to be eaten by his Friends and Children in another Hall first; and at a given signal, Friends and Children flocking in among their Friends and Fathers, were to form a family assemblage, with not one manly eye therein unmoistened by emotion.

But there was more than this to happen. Even more than this. Sir Joseph Bowley, Baronet and Member of Parliament, was to play a match at skittles—real skittles—with his tenants.

"Which quite reminds me," said Alderman Cute, "of the days of old king Hal, bluff king Hal. Ah! Fine character."

"Very," said Mr Filer, dryly. "For marrying women and murdering 'em. Considerably more than the average number of wives, by-the-bye."

"You'll marry the beautiful ladies, and not murder 'em, eh?" said Alderman Cute, to the heir of Bowley, aged twelve. "Sweet boy! We shall have this little gentleman in Parliament now," said the Alderman, holding him by the shoulders, and looking as reflective as he could, "before we know where we are; we shall hear of his successes at the poll; his speech in the house; his overtures from Government; his brilliant achievements of all kinds; ah! we shall make our little orations about him in the common council, I'll be bound, before we have time to look about us!"

"Oh, the difference of shoes and stockings!" Trotty thought. But his heart yearned toward the child, for the love of those same shoeless and stockingless boys, predestined (by the Alderman) to turn out bad, who might have been the children of poor Meg.

"Richard," moaned Trotty, roaming among the company, to and fro; "where is he? I can't find Richard! Where is Richard?"

Not likely to be there, if still alive! But Trotty's grief and solitude confused him; and he still went wandering among the gallant company, looking for his guide, and saying, "where is Richard? Show me Richard!"

He was wandering thus, when he encountered Mr. Fish, the confidential secretary, in great agitation.

"Bless my heart and soul!" cried Mr. Fish, "where is Alderman Cute? Has any one seen the Alderman?"

Seen the Alderman? Oh, dear! Who could ever help seeing the Alderman? He was so considerate, so affable; he bore so much in mind the natural desire of folks to see him, that if he had a fault, it was the being constantly in view. And wherever the great people were, there, to be sure, attracted by the kindred sympathy between great souls, was Cute.

Several voices cried that he was in the circle round Sir Joseph. Mr. Fish made his way there, found him, and took him secretly into a window near at hand. Trotty joined them; not of his own accord. He felt that his steps were led in that direction.

"My dear Alderman Cute," said Mr. Fish, "a little more this way. The most dreadful circumstance has occurred. I have this moment received the intelligence. I think it will be best not to acquaint Sir Joseph with it till the day is over. You understand Sir Joseph, and will give me your opinion. The most frightful and deplorable event!"

"Fish!" returned the Alderman. "Fish, my good fellow, what is the matter? Nothing revolutionary, I hope! No—attempted interference with the magistrates?"

"Deedles, the banker," gasped the secretary. "Deedles, brothers—who was to have been here today—high in office in the Goldsmith's Company—"

"Not stopped!" exclaimed the Alderman. "It can't be!"

"Shot himself."

"Good God!"

"Put a double-barrelled pistol to his mouth, in his own counting-house," said Mr. Fish, "and blew his brains out. No motive. Princely circumstances!"

"Circumstances," exclaimed the Alderman. "A man of noble fortune. One of the most respectable of men. Suicide, Mr. Fish! by his own hand!"

"This very morning," returned Mr. Fish.

"Oh, the brain, the brain!" exclaimed the pious Alderman, lifting up his hands. "Oh, the nerves, the nerves; the mysteries of this machine called man! Oh the little that unhinges it: poor creatures that we are! Perhaps a dinner Mr. Fish. Perhaps the conduct of his son, who I have heard, ran very wild, and was in the habit of drawing bills upon him without the least authority.

"A most respectable man. One of the most respectable men I ever knew! A lamentable instance. Mr. Fish. A public calamity. I shall make a point of wearing the deepest mourning. A most respectable man! But there is One above. We must submit, Mr. Fish. We must submit!"

What, Alderman! No word of putting down? Remember, Justice, your high moral boast and pride. Come, Alderman! Balance those scales. Throw me into this, the empty one, no dinner, and Nature's founts in some poor woman, dried by starving misery and rendered obdurate the claims for which her offspring has authority in holy mother Eve. Weigh me the two: you Daniel going to judgment, when your day shall come! Weigh them, in the eyes of suffering thousands, audience (not mindful) of the grim farce you play! Or supposing that you strayed from your wits—it's not so far to go, but that it might be—and laid hands upon that throat of yours, warning your fellows (if you have a fellow) how they croak their comfortable wickedness to raving heads and stricken hearts. What, then?

The words rose up in Trotty's breast, as if they had been spoken by some other voice within him. Alderman Cute pledged himself to Mr. Fish that he would assist him in breaking the melancholy catastrophe to Sir Joseph, when the day was over. Then, before they parted wringing Mr. Fish's hand in bitterness of soul, he said, "The most respectable of men!" And added, that he hardly knew: not even he: why such afflictions were allowed on earth.

"It's almost enough to make one think, if one did n't know better," said Alderman Cute, "that at times some motion of a capsizing nature was going on in things, which affected the general economy of the social fabric. Deedles Brothers!"

The skittle-playing came off with immense success. Sir Joseph knocked the pins about quite skilfully; Master Bowley took an innings at a shorter distance also; and everybody said that now, when a Baronet and the son of a Baronet played at skittles, the country was coming round again, as fast as it could come.

At its proper time, the banquet was served up. Trotty involuntarily repaired to the hall with the rest, for he felt himself conducted thither by some stronger impulse than his own free will. The sight was gay in the extreme; the ladies were very handsome; the visitors delighted, cheerful, and good-tempered. When the lower doors were opened, and the people flocked in, in their rustic dresses, the beauty of the spectacle was at its height; but Trotty only murmured more and more, "Where is Richard! He should help and comfort her! I can't see Richard!"

There had been some speeches made; and Lady Bowley's health had been proposed; and Sir Joseph Bowley had returned thanks; and had made his great speech, showing by various pieces of evidence that he was the born Friend and Father, and so forth; and had given as a Toast, his Friends and Children, and the Dignity of Labor; when a slight disturbance at the bottom of the hall attracted Toby's notice. After some confusion, noise, and opposition, one man broke through the rest, and stood forward by himself.

Not Richard. No. But one whom he had thought of, and looked for, many times. In a scantier supply of light, he might have doubted the identity of that worn man, so old, and grey, and bent; but with a blaze of lamps upon his gnarled and knotted head, he knew Will Fern as soon as he stepped forth.

"What is this!" exclaimed Sir Joseph, rising. "Who gave this man admittance? This is a criminal from prison! Mr. Fish, Sir, *will* you have the goodness—"

"A minute!" said Will Fern. "A minute! My Lady, you was born on this day along with a New Year. Get me a minute's leave to speak."

She made some intercession for him, and Sir Joseph took his seat again, with native dignity.

The ragged visitor—for he was miserably dressed—looked round upon the company, and made his homage to them with a humble bow.

"Gentlefolks," he said. "You've drunk the Laborer. Look at me."

"Just come from jail," said Mr. Fish.

"Just come from jail," said Will. "And neither for the first time, nor the second, nor for the third, nor yet the fourth."

Mr. Filer was heard to remark testily, that four times was over the average; and he ought to be ashamed of himself.

"Gentlefolks," repeated Will Fern, "look at me! You see I'm at the worst. Beyond all hurt or harm, beyond your help; for the time when your kind words or kind actions could have done ME good"—he struck his hand upon his breast, and shook his head—"is gone with the scent of last year's beans or clover on the air. Let me say a word for these," pointing to the laboring people in the hall; "and when you're met together, hear the real truth spoke out at once."

"There's not a man here," said the host, "who would have him for a spokesman."

"Like enough, Sir Joseph; I believe it. Not the less true, perhaps, is what I say. Perhaps that's a proof on it. Gentlefolks, I've lived many a year in this place. You may see the cottage from the sunk fence, over yonder. I've seen the ladies draw it in their books a hundred times. It looks well in a picture, I've heerd say; but there a'nt weather in pictures, and maybe 'tis fitter for that, than for a place to live in. Well! I lived there. How hard—how bitter hard; I lived there, I won't say. Any day in the year, and every day, you can judge for your own selves."

He spoke as he had spoken on the night when Trotty found him in the street. His voice was deeper and more husky, and had a trembling in it now and then; but he never raised it, passionately, and seldom lifted it above the first stern level of the homely facts he stated.

"'Tis harder than you think for, gentlefolks, to grow up decent—commonly decent—in such a place. That I growed up a man and not a brute, says something for me—as I was then. As I am now, there's nothing can be said for me or done for me. I'm past it.'

"I am glad this man has entered," observed Sir Joseph, looking round serenely. "Don't disturb him. It appears to be ordained. He is an example; a living example. I hope and trust, and confidently expect, that it will not be lost upon my Friends here."

"I dragged on," said Fern, after a moment's silence, "somehow. Neither me nor any other man knows how; but so heavy, that I could n't put a cheerful face upon it, or make believe that I was anything but what I was. Now, gentlemen—you gentlemen that sits at Sessions—when you see a man with discontent writ on his face, you says to one another, 'he's suspicious. I has my doubts,' says you, 'about Will Fern. Watch that Yellow!' I don't say, gentlemen, it an't quite nat'ral, but I say 'tis so; and from that hour whatever Will Fern does, or leits alone—all one—it goes against him."

Alderman Cute stuck his thumbs in his waistcoat-pockets, and leaning back in his chair, and smiling, winked at a neighboring chandelier. As much as to say, "Of course! I told you so. The common cry! The common cry! Lord bless you, we are up to all this sort of thing—myself and human nature."

"Now, gentlemen," said Will Fern, holding out his hands, and flushing for an instant in his haggard face. "See how our laws are made to trap and hunt us when we're brought to this. I tries to live elsewhere, and I'm a vagabond. To jail with me. I comes back here. I goes a nutting in your woods, and breaks—who don't?—a timber branch or two. To jail with him! One of your keepers sees me in the broad day, near my own patch of garden, with a gun. To jail with him! I has a nat'ral angry word with that man, when I'm free again. To jail with him! I cuts a stick. To jail with him! I eats a rotten apple or turnip. To jail with him! It's twenty miles away; and coming back, I begs a trifle on the road. To jail with him! At last, the constable, the keeper—anybody—finds me anywhere, a doing anything. To jail with him, for he's a vagrant, and a jail-bird known; and jail's the only home he's got."

The Alderman nodded sagaciously, as who should say, "a very good home, too!"

"Do I say this to serve MY cause!" cried Fern. "Who can give me back my liberty, who can give me back my good name, who can give me back my innocent niece? Not all the lords and ladies in wide England. But, gentlemen, gentlemen, dealing with others like me, begin at the right end. Give us, in mercy, better homes when we are lying in our cradles; give us better food when we're a working for our lives; give us kinder laws to bring us back when we're a 'going wrong; and don't set jail, jail, jail, afore us, everywhere we turn. There an't a condescension you can show the Laborer then, that he won't take, as ready and as grateful as a man can be; for he has a patient, peaceful, willing heart. But you must put his rightful spirit in him first, for whether he's a wreck and ruin such as me, or like one of them that stand here now, his spirit is divided from you at this time. Bring it back, gentlefolks, bring it back! Bring it back, afore the day comes when even his Bible changes in his altered mind, and the words seem to him to read, as they have sometimes read in my own eyes—in jail: 'Whither thou goest, I can Not go; where thou lodgest, I do Not lodge, thy people are Not my people; Nor thy God my God.'"

A sudden stir and agitation took place in the Hall. Trotty thought at first, that several had risen to eject the man; and hence this change in its appearance But another moment showed him that the room and all the company had vanished from his sight, and that his daughter was again before him seated at her work. But in a poorer and a meaner garret than before; and with no Lilian by her side.

The frame at which she had worked was put away upon a shelf and covered up. The chair in which she had sat, was turned against the wall. A history was written in these little things, and in Meg's grief-worn face. Oh! who could not fail to read it!

Meg strained her eyes upon her work until it was too dark to see the threads; and when the night closed in, she lighted her feeble candle, and worked on. Still her old father was invisible about her; looking down upon her; loving her—how dearly loving her!—and talking to her in a tender voice about the old times, and the Bells. Though he knew, poor Trotty, though he knew she could not hear him.

A great part of the evening had worn away, when a knock came at her door. She opened it. A man was on the threshold. A slouching, moody, drunken sloven; wasted by intemperance and vice; and with his matted hair and unshorn beard in wild disorder: but with some traces on him, too, of having been a man of good proportion and good features in his youth.

He stopped until he had her leave to enter; and she, retiring a pace or two from the open door, silently and sorrowfully looked upon him. Trotty had his wish. He saw Richard.

"May I come in, Margaret?"

"Yes! Come in!"

It was well that Trotty knew him before he spoke; for without any doubt remaining on his mind, the harsh, discordant voice would have persuaded him that it was not Richard, but some other man.

There were but two chairs in the room. She gave him hers, and stood at some short distance from him, waiting to hear what he had to say.

He sat, however, staring vacantly at the floor; with a lustreless and stupid smile. A spectacle of such deep degradation, of such abject hopelessness, of such a miserable downfall, that she put her hands before her face and turned away, lest he should see how much it moved her.

Roused by the rustling of her dress, or some such trifling sound, he lifted his head, and began to speak as if there had been no pause since he entered.

"Still at work, Margaret? You work late."

"I generally do."

"And early."

"And early."

"So she said. She said you never tired; or never owned that you tired. Not all the time you lived together. Not even when you fainted, between work and fasting. But I told you that, the last time I came."

"You did," she answered. "And I implored you to tell me nothing more; and you made me a solemn promise, Richard, that you never would."

"A solemn promise," he repeated, with a drivelling laugh and vacant stare. "A solemn promise. To be sure. A solemn promise!" Awakening, as it were, after a time; in the same manner as before; he said with sudden animation,

"How can I help it, Margaret? What am I to do?" She has been to me again!"

"Again!" cried Meg, clasping her hands. "Oh, does she think of me so often! Has she been again!"

"Twenty times again, said Richard. "Margaret, she haunts me. She comes behind me in the street, and thrusts it in my hand. I hear her foot upon the ashes when I'm at my work, (ha, ha! that an't often,) and before I can turn my head, her voice is in my ear, saying, 'Richard, don't look round. For heaven's love, give her this!' She brings it where I live; she sends it in letters; she taps at the window, and lays it on the sill. What *can* I do? Look at it!"

He held out in his hand a little purse, and chinked the money it enclosed.

"Hide it," said Meg. "Hide it! When she comes again, tell her, Richard, that I love her in my soul. That I never lie down to sleep, but I bless her, and pray for her. That in my solitary work, I never cease to have her in my thoughts. That she is with me, night and day. That if I died to-morrow, I could remember her with my last breath. But that I cannot look upon it!"

He slowly recalled his hand, and crushing the purse together, said, with a kind of drowsy thoughtfulness:

"I told her so. I told her so, as plain as words could speak. I've taken this gift back and left it at her door, a dozen times since then. But when she came at last, and stood before me, face to face, what could I do?"

"You saw her!" exclaimed Meg. "You saw her! Oh, Lilian, my sweet girl! Oh, Lilian, Lilian!"

"I saw her," he went on to say, not answering, but engaged in the same slow pursuit of his own thoughts. "There she stood; trembling!"

"How does she look, Richard? Does she ever speak of me? Is she thinner? My old place at the table; what's in my old place? And the frame she taught me our old work on—has she burnt it, Richard! There she was. I heard her say it."

Meg checked her sobs, and with the tears streaming from her eyes, bent over him to listen. Not to lose a breath.

With his arms resting on his knees; and stooping forward in his chair, as if what he said were written on the ground in some half legible characters, which it was his occupation to decipher and connect; he went on.

"Richard, I have fallen very low; and you may guess how much I have suffered in having this sent back, when I can bear to bring it in my hand to you. But you loved her once, even in my memory, dearly. Others stepped in between you; fears, and jealousies, and doubts, and vanities, estranged you from her; but you did love her, even in my memory! 'I suppose I did,' he said, interrupting himself for a moment. 'I did! That's neither here nor there.' Oh Richard, if you ever did; if you have any memory for what is gone and lost, take it to her once more. Once more! Tell her how I begged and prayed. Tell her how I laid my head upon your shoulder, where her own head might have lain, and was so humble to you, Richard. Tell her that you looked into my face, and saw the beauty which she used to praise, all gone; all gone; and in its place, a poor, wan, hollow cheek, that she would weep to see. Tell her everything, and take it back, and she will not refuse again. She will not refuse again. She will not have the heart!"

So he sat musing, and repeating the last words, until he woke again, and rose.

"You won't take it, Margaret?"

She shook her head and motioned an entreaty to him to leave her.

"Good night, Margaret."

"Good night."

He turned to look upon her; struck by her sorrow, and perhaps by the pity for himself which trembled in her voice. It was a quick and rapid action; and for the moment some flash of his old bearing kindled in his form. In the next he went as he had come. Nor did this glimmer of a quenched fire seem to light him to a quicker sense of his debasement.

In any mood, in any grief, in any torture of the mind or body, Meg's work must be done. She sat down to her task, and plied it. Night, midnight, still she worked.

She had a meagre fire, the night being very cold; and rose at intervals to mend it. The Chimes rang half-past twelve while she was thus engaged; and when they ceased she heard a gentle knocking on the door. Before she could so much as wonder who was there, at that unusual hour, it opened.

Oh, Youth and Beauty, happy as ye should be, look at this! Oh, Youth and Beauty! blest and blessing all within your reach, and working out the ends of your beneficent Creator, look at this!

She saw the entering figure; screamed its name; cried "Lilian!"

It was swift, and fell upon its knees before her; clinging to her dress.

"Up, dear! Up! Lilian! My own dearest!"

"Never more Meg; never more! Here! Here! Close to you, holding to you, feeling your dear breath upon my face!"

"Sweet Lilian! Darling Lilian! Child of my heart—no mother's love can be more tender—lay your head upon my breast!"

"Never more, Meg. Never more! When I first looked into your face, you knelt before me. On my knees before you, let me die. Let me die here!"

"You have come back. My Treasure! We will live together, work together, hope together, die together!"

"Ah! kiss my lips, Meg; fold your arms about me; press me to your bosom: look kindly on me; but don't raise me. Let it be here. Let me see the last of your dear face upon my knees!"

Oh Youth and Beauty, happy as ye should be, look at this! Oh Youth and Beauty, working out the ends of your benificent Creator, look at this!

"Forgive me, Meg! So dear, so dear! Forgive me! I know you do. I see you do, but say so, Meg!"

She said so, with her lips on Lilian's cheek. And with her arms twined round—she knew it now—a broken heart.

"His blessing on you, dearest love. Kiss me once more! He suffered her to sit beside His feet, and dry them with her hair. Oh Meg, what mercy and compassion!"

As she died, the Spirit of the child returning, innocent and radiant, touched the old man with its hand, and beckoned him away.

THE FOURTH QUARTER.

Some new remembrance of the ghostly figures in the Bells; some faint impression of the ringing of the chimes; some giddy consciousness of having seen the swarm of phantoms reproduced and reproduced until the recollection of them lost itself in the confusion of their numbers; some hurried knowledge, how conveyed to him he knew not, that more years had passed; and Trotty, with the Spirit of the child attending him, stood looking on at mortal company.

Fat company, rosy cheeked company, comfortable company. They were but two, but they were red enough for ten. They sat before a bright fire, with a small low table between them; and unless the fragrance of hot tea and muffins lingered longer in that room than in most others, the table had seen service very lately. But all the cups and saucers being clean, and in their proper places in the corner cupboard; and the brass toasting-fork hanging in its usual nook, and spreading its four idle fingers out, as if it wanted to be measured for a glove; there remained no other visible tokens of the meal just finished, than such as purred and washed their whiskers in the person of the basking cat, and glistened in the gracious, not to say the greasy, faces of her patrons.

This cosy couple (married evidently) had made a fair division of the fire between them, and sat looking at the glowing sparks that dropped into the grate; now nodding off into a doze; now waking up again when some hot fragment, larger than the rest, came rattling down, as if the fire were coming with it.

It was in no danger of sudden extinction, however; for it gleamed not only in the little room, and on the panes of window-glass in the door, and on the curtain half drawn across them, but in the little shop beyond. A little shop, quite crammed and choked with the abundance of its stock; a perfectly voracious little shop, with a maw as accommodating and full as any shark's. Cheese, butter, fire-wood, soap, pickles, matches, bacon, table-beer, cold ham, birch brooms, hearthstones, salt, vinegar, blacking red-herrings, stationery, lard, mushroom-catsup, staylaces, loaves of bread, shuttlecocks, eggs, and slate-pencil; everything was fish that came to the net of this greedy little shop, and all these articles were in its net. How many other kinds of petty merchandise were there, it would be difficult to say; but balls of pack-thread, ropes of onions, pounds of candles, cabbage-nets, and brushes, hung in bunches from the ceiling, like extraordinary fruit; while various old canisters emiting aromatic smell, established the veracity of the inscription over the outer door, which informed the public that the keeper of this little shop was a licensed dealer in tea, coffee, tobacco, pepper, and snuff.

Glancing at such of these items as were visible in the shining of the blaze, and the less cheerful radiance of two smoky lamps, which burnt but dimly in the shop itself, as though its plethora sat heavy on their lungs; and glancing then, at one of the two faces by the parlor-fire; Trotty had small difficulty in recognizing in the stout old lady, Mrs. Chickenstalker: always inclined to corpulency, even in the days when he had known her as established in the general line, and having a small balance against him in her books.

The features of her companion were less easy to him. The great broad chin, with creases in it large enough to hide a finger in; the astonished eyes, that seemed to expostulate with themselves for sinking deeper and deeper into the yielding fat of the soft face; the nose afflicted with that disordered action of its functions which is generally termed The Snuffles; the short, thick throat and laboring chest, with other beauties of the like description; though calculated to impress the memory, Trotty could at first allot to nobody he had ever known; and yet he had some recollection of them too. At length, in Mrs. Chickenstalker's partner in the general line, and in the crooked and eccentric line of life, he recognized the former porter of Sir Joseph Bowley; and apoplectic innocent, who had connected himself in Trotty's mind with Mrs. Chickenstalker years ago, by giving him admission to the mansion where he had confessed his obligations to that lady, and drawn on his unlucky head such grave reproach.

Trotty had little interest in a change like this, after the changes he had seen; but association is very strong sometimes; and he looked involuntarily behind the parlor-door, where the accounts of credit customers were usually kept in the chalk. There was no record of his name. Some names were there, but they were strange to him, and infinitely fewer than of old; from which he augured that the porter was an advocate of ready money transactions, and on coming into the business had looked pretty sharp after the Chickenstalker defaulters.

So desolate was Trotty, and so mournful for the youth and promise of his blighted child, that it was a sorrow to him, even to have no place in Mrs. Chickenstalker's ledger.

"What sort of a night is it, Anne?" inquired the former porter of Sir Joseph Bowley, stretching out his legs before the fire, and rubbing as much of them as his short arms could reach; with an air that added, "Here I am if it's bad, and I don't want to go out if it's good."

"Blowing and sleeting hard," returned his wife; "and threatening snow. Dark. And very cold."

"I'm glad to think we had muffins," said the former porter, in the tone of one who had set his conscience at rest. "It's a sort of night that's meant for muffins. Likewise crumpets. Also Sally Lunns."

The former porter mentioned each successive kind of eatable, as if he were musingly summing up his good actions. After which, he rubbed his fat legs as before, and jerking them at the knees to get the fire upon the yet unroasted parts, laughed as if somebody had tickled him.

"You're in spirits, Tugby, my dear," observed his wife.

The firm was Tugby, late Chickenstalker.

"No," said Tugby. "No. Not particular. I'm a little elewated. The muffins came so pat!"

With that he chuckled until he was black in the face; and had so much ado to become any other color, that his fat legs took the strangest excursions into the air. Nor were they less reduced to anything like decorum until Mrs. Tugby had thumped him violently on the back, and shaken him as if he were a great bottle.

"Good gracious goodness, lord-a-mercy bless and save the man!" cried Mrs. Tugby, in great terror. "What's he doing!"

Mr. Tugby wiped his eyes, and faintly repeated that he found himself a little elewated.

"Then don't be so again, that's a dear good soul," said Mrs. Tugby, "if you don't want to frighten me to death with your struggling and fighting.

Mr. Tugby said he would n't but his whole existence was a fight; in which, if any judgment might be founded on the constantly-increasing shortness of his breath, and the deepening purple of his face, he was always getting the worst of it.

"So it's blowing, and sleeting, and threatening snow; and is dark, and very cold; is it, my dear?" said Mr. Tugby, looking at the fire, and reverting to the cream and marrow of his temporary elevation.

(To be continued.)

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